DIALOGUES

OF

THE DEAD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. PRIDDEN, FLEET STREET.
M.DCC.LXXV.

1078/2

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XVI

X

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X

XX

CONTENTS

OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

Dialogue.		*Page.*
XVII.	MARCUS BRUTUS. POMPONIUS ATTICUS.	1
XVIII.	WILLIAM THE THIRD, *King of England.* JOHN DE WITT, *Penſioner of Holland.*	15
XIX.	M. APICIUS. DARTENEUF.	38
XX.	ALEXANDER THE GREAT. CHARLES THE TWELFTH, *King of Sweden.*	53
XXI.	*Cardinal* XIMENES. *Cardinal* WOLSEY.	66
XXII.	LUCIAN. RABELAIS.	76

Dialogue. *Page.*

XXIII. PERICLES.
COSMO DE MEDICIS, *the First of that Name.* 86

XXIV. LOCKE.
BAYLE. 105

XXV. ARCHIBALD, *Earl of* Douglas, *Duke of* Touraine.
JOHN, *Duke of* Argyle *and* Greenwich, *Field Marshal of His Britannic Majesty's Forces.* 117

XXVI. CADMUS.
HERCULES. 135

XXVII. MERCURY;
And a modern fine LADY. 144

XXVIII. PLUTARCH.
CHARON;
And a modern BOOKSELLER. 150

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

DIALOGUE XVII.

MARCUS BRUTUS.
POMPONIUS ATTICUS.

BRUTUS.

WELL, *Atticus*, I find that, notwithſtanding your friendſhip for Cicero and for me, you ſurvived us both many years, with the ſame chearful ſpirit you always poſſeſſed; and by the marriage of your daughter with Agrippa ſecured the favour of Cæſar, and even a cloſe alliance with him by your grand-daughter's match with Tiberius Nero.

ATTICUS.

You know, *Brutus*, my philoſophy was the Epicurean. I loved my friends, and I

ſerved them in their diſtreſſes with great generoſity; but I did not think myſelf bound to die when they died, or not to make others, as occaſions ſhould offer.

BRUTUS.

You did *ſerve* your friends as far as you could, without bringing yourſelf into any great danger or trouble of mind: but that you *loved* them I very much doubt. If you loved Cicero, how could you love Antony? If you loved me, how could you love Cæſar? If you loved Cæſar, how could you avoid taking part againſt Antony in their laſt Civil war? Affection cannot be ſo ſtrangely divided, and with ſo much equality, among men of ſuch oppoſite characters, and who were ſuch irreconcileable foes to each other.

ATTICUS.

From my earlieſt youth I knew how to ingratiate myſelf with the heads of different parties, and yet not engage with any ſo far as to diſturb my own quiet. My family was connected with the Marian party; and, though I retired to Athens from Rome, that I might not be involved in the troubles which that faction had begun to excite, yet when young Marius

was declared an enemy by the ſenate, I ſent him a ſum of money to ſupport him in his exile. Nor did this hinder me from making my court ſo well to Sylla, upon his coming to Athens, that I obtained from him the higheſt marks of his favour. Nevertheleſs, when he preſſed me to go with him to Rome, my anſwer was, "Do not, "I beſeech you, deſire to lead me againſt "thoſe with whom, that I might not bear "arms againſt you, I left my native coun-"try *." He admired my conduct; and, at his departure from Athens, ordered all the preſents which had been made to him there to be carried to me. I remind you of this, only to ſhow that my conduct was always the ſame; and that in the inſtances which you mentioned I did not act from any inconſtancy or levity in my nature, but from a regular uniform plan, which my reaſon convinced me was founded in wiſdom.

BRUTUS.

I know you alſo took the ſame part between Pompey and Julius Cæſar.

* Vide Cornel. Nepot. in Vitâ Attici.

ATTICUS.

I did ſo—and that I might be able to do it with dignity, and without the reproach of ingratitude, I never would accept any office or honour from either of thoſe great men; nor from Cicero, though my ſiſter had married his brother; nor from you, my moſt honoured and moſt virtuous friend.

BRUTUS.

Are there no obligations to a good heart, *Pomponius*, but honours and offices? Does the refuſal of theſe cancel all other ties? But, ſetting aſide any conſiderations of private affection or private eſteem, how did you reconcile your conduct to that which is the ruling principle in the heart of every virtuous man, and more eſpecially a virtuous Roman, *the Love of the Public?*

ATTICUS.

The times I lived in were ſo corrupted, and the conflict of parties had ſo little to do with *the Love of the Public*, that I thought my virtue much ſafer and purer by avoiding than mixing in the fray.

BRUTUS.

Poſſibly in the diſpute between Marius and Sylla, and even in that between Pompey and Cæſar, a good man might ſee ſo much to blame on both ſides, and ſo much to fear, which ever faction ſhould conquer the other, as to be juſtified in not engaging with either. But let me ſay without vanity, in the war which I waged againſt Antony and Octavius you had nothing to blame: for I know you approved the principle upon which I killed Julius Cæſar, and thought it an honeſt, heroical act. You had nothing to fear if our arms had ſucceeded; for you knew my intentions were upright and pure; you knew that both Caſſius and I were reſolved to reſtore the Republic. How could you then be a tranquil ſpectator of ſuch a ſcene? how could you maintain an indifference and neutrality between the *deliverers* and the *tyrants* of Rome?

ATTICUS.

My anſwer to this will require explanations which my reſpect to the *manes* of *Brutus* makes me wiſh to avoid.

BRUTUS.

No, *Atticus*; you may ſay to me all you think, without fear of offending. In the other world I loved truth, and deſired that all might ſpeak it with freedom: but here even the tender ears of a Tyrant are compelled to endure it. Perhaps I loved you ſo well that I ſhall not be ſorry to hear you make a good apology for your conduct, even at my expence. If I committed faults, or erred in my judgment, the calamities I have ſuffered are a puniſhment for it. Tell me then truly what were my failings.

ATTICUS.

You ſaid that the *principle* upon which you killed Cæſar had my approbation, and that I admired the honeſty and heroiſm of the act. This I do not deny: — but did I ever declare that I thought it a *prudent* or *well-timed* act? I had quite other thoughts. Nothing ſeemed to me ever *worſe judged*, or *worſe timed*: and theſe were my reaſons. Cæſar was juſt ſetting out to make war on the Parthians. That was an enterpriſe of no little difficulty, and no little danger. But his boundleſs ambition, and that reſtleſs ſpirit which

never would let him take any repoſe, did not mean to ſtop there *. You know very well (for he hid nothing from you) that he had formed a vaſt plan; of marching, after he had conquered the whole Parthian empire, along the coaſt of the Caſpian ſea, and the ſides of Mount Caucaſus, into Scythia, in order to ſubdue all the countries that border on Germany, and Germany itſelf, as far as the ocean, propoſing to return to Rome by Gaul. Conſider now, my dear *Brutus*, how much time the execution of this immenſe project would have required. In ſome of his battles with ſo many fierce and warlike nations, the braveſt of all the Barbarians, he might very probably have been ſlain: but if he had not, diſeaſe, or age itſelf, might have ended his life before he could return triumphant to Rome. He was, when you killed him, in his fifty-ſixth year, and of an infirm conſtitution. Except his baſtard by Cleopatra he had no ſon: nor was his deſpotiſm ſo quietly ſettled, that he could have a thought of leaving the empire to his ſiſter's grandſon Octavius. While he was abſent, there was no reaſon to fear any violence, or mal-adminiſtration, in

* Vide Plutarch. in Vitâ Jul. Cæſar.

Italy or in Rome. Cicero would have had the chief power in the Senate, and Hirtius and Panſa were the conſuls deſigned for the enſuing year. The Pretorſhip of the city was given to you by the favour of Cæſar; and your own known credit with him, added to your great talents and high reputation, gave you a weight, which none of his party left by him in Italy could dare to oppoſe. What a fair proſpect was here of good order, and peace, and freedom at home, while abroad the Roman name would have been rendered more glorious, the diſgrace of Craſſus revenged, and the bounds of the Empire extended beyond the utmoſt ambition of our forefathers, by the greateſt general that ever led the armies of Rome, or perhaps of any other nation! What did it ſignify, whether in Aſia, or among the Barbarians, that general bore the title of King, or that of Dictator? Nothing could be more puerile in you and your friends than to ſtart ſo much at the thought of his taking that name, when you had ſuffered him to enjoy all the power of royalty, and much more than any king of Rome had poſſeſſed, from Romulus down to Tarquin.

BRUTUS.

We conſidered that name as the laſt inſult offered to our liberty and our laws. The deſiring of it ſhowed in Cæſar a mind which had diveſted itſelf of all moderation. It was an enſign of tyranny, hung out with a vain and arrogant purpoſe of making the ſervitude of Rome more apparent. We therefore determined to puniſh the tyrant, and reſtore our country to freedom.

ATTICUS.

You puniſhed the tyrant, but you did not reſtore your country to freedom. By ſparing Antony, againſt the opinion of Caſſius, you ſuffered the tyranny ſtill to ſubſiſt. He was conſul, and from the moment that Cæſar was dead, he had the chief power of the ſtate in his hands. The ſoldiers adored him for his liberality, valour, and military frankneſs. His eloquence was more perſuaſive from appearing unſtudied. The nobility of his houſe, which deſcended from Hercules, would naturally inflame his heart with ambition. The whole courſe of his life had ſhown that his thoughts were high and aſpiring, and that he had little reſpect for the liber-

ty of his country. He had been Cæſar's principal friend, the ſecond man in his party: by ſaving him you left a new head to that party, an able head, who would be ſure to make uſe of his credit to his own aggrandiſement and to your ruin. Many, who would have wiſhed the reſtoration of liberty if Cæſar had died a natural death, were ſo incenſed at his murder, that for the ſake of puniſhing *that*, they were willing to give all power to Antony, and make him the maſter of the Republic. This was particularly true with reſpect to the veteran troops which had ſerved under Cæſar: and he ſaw it ſo plainly, that he quickly availed himſelf of their diſpoſitions, and threw off all regards to you or the Senate. You and Caſſius were obliged to fly out of Italy; and Cicero, who was unwilling to take the ſame part, could find no expedient to ſave himſelf and the Senate, but the wretched one of ſupporting and raiſing another Cæſar, the adopted ſon and heir of him you had ſlain, to oppoſe Antony, and to divide the Cæſarean party. But even while he did this, he perpetually offended that party, and made them his enemies, by harangues in the Senate which breathed the very ſpirit of the old Pompeian faction, and made him appear to

Octavius, and all the friends of the dead dictator, as guilty of his death as thoſe who had killed him. What could this end in but what it did end in, a reunion of the whole Cæſarean party, and of their principal chiefs, to deſtroy him, and you, and all the Pompeians? For my own part, I foreſaw it long before the event, and therefore kept myſelf clear of all thoſe proceedings.—You think that I ought to have joined you at Philippi, becauſe I knew your good intentions, and that if you ſucceeded, both Caſſius and you deſigned to reſtore the Commonwealth. I believe you did both agree in that point; but then you differed in ſo many others, there was in your tempers ſuch a diſcordance, that I am perſuaded the union between you could not have laſted long; and your diſſention would have had moſt fatal effects with regard both to the ſettlement and to the adminiſtration of the Republic. Beſides, the whole maſs of it was ſo corrupted, that I am convinced new diſorders would ſoon have ariſen. If you had applied gentle remedies, to which your own nature was moſt inclined, thoſe remedies would have failed: if Caſſius had induced you to act with ſeverity, your government would have been ſtigmatized with the name of a *tyranny*

more hateful than that which you had deſtroyed; and Cæſar's clemency would have been the perpetual topic of every factious harangue to the people, and of every ſeditious diſcourſe to the ſoldiers. Thus you would have ſoon been plunged in the miſeries of a new Civil war, or perhaps aſſaſſinated in the Senate, as Julius was by you. Nothing could give the Roman empire a fixed and laſting tranquillity, but ſuch a prudent plan of a *mitigated Imperial power*, as was afterwards formed by Octavius Cæſar, and happily ſettled by him, when he had got rid of all oppoſition and partnerſhip in the government. Thoſe quiet times I lived to ſee; and I muſt ſay, they were the beſt I ever had ſeen, far better than thoſe under the turbulent ariſtocracy for which you contended. And let me boaſt a little of my own prudence, which, through ſo many ſtorms, could carry me ſafe into that happy port. Had it only given me ſafety without reputation, I ſhould not think that I ought to ſpeak of it with pride: but in all theſe revolutions my honour remained as unhurt as my fortune. I ſo conducted myſelf, that I loſt no eſteem in being Antony's friend, after having been Cicero's, or in my alliance with Agrippa and with Auguſtus, after my known con-

nexion with you. Nor did either Cæſar or Antony blame my inaction in the wars between them; but, on the contrary, ſeemed to value me more for the neutrality I obſerved. My obligations to the one and alliance with the other made it improper for me to act againſt either: and my conſtant tenour of life had procured me an exemption from all Civil wars by a kind of *preſcription*.

BRUTUS.

If man were born to no higher purpoſe than to live long in eaſe and proſperity, with the general good eſteem of the world, your wiſdom was as much ſuperior to mine, as my life was ſhorter and more unhappy than your's. Nay, I believe it exceeded the prudence of any other man that ever exiſted, conſidering in what difficult times you were placed, and with how many ſhocks and changes of fortune you were to contend. But *here* the moſt *virtuous* and *public-ſpirited* conduct is found the moſt *prudent*. The motives of actions, not the ſucceſs, give us *here* reputation. And if my ſoul could return again to that life from whence ſhe is eſcaped, I would not change my character to imitate your's: I again would be *Brutus* rather than *Atti-*

cus. Even without the ſweet hope of eternal rewards in a more perfect ſtate, which is the ſtrongeſt ſupport to the good in every misfortune, I ſwear by the gods, I would not give up *the noble feelings of my heart,* that elevation of mind which accompanies active and ſuffering virtue, for your ſeventy-ſeven years of conſtant tranquillity, with all the eſteem and praiſe you obtained from the learned men whom you patronized, or the great men whom you courted.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

WILLIAM THE THIRD, *King of England.*
JOHN DE WITT, *Penſioner of Holland.*

WILLIAM.

THOUGH I had no cauſe to be much your friend, I ſincerely lament your unhappy fate. Who could have thought that *De Witt*, the moſt popular miniſter that ever governed a commonwealth, ſhould fall a ſacrifice to popular fury! Such talents, ſuch virtues, as you were endowed with, ſo clear, ſo cool, ſo comprehenſive a head, a heart ſo untainted with any vice, deſpiſing money, deſpiſing pleaſure, deſpiſing the vain oſtentation of greatneſs, ſuch application to buſineſs, ſuch ability in it, ſuch courage, ſuch firmneſs, and ſo perfect a knowledge of the nation you ſerved, ſeemed to aſſure you of a fixed and ſtable ſupport in the public affection. But the paſſions of the people, and more eſpecially thoſe of Holland, are always too violent. They love and hate in extremes; and their affection and rage ſucceed to each

other with ſo ſudden a change, that ſometimes the men they have deteſted the moſt become their favourites and their idols, without knowing why; and thoſe they had adored are at once made the objects of their reſentment, without having incurred it by the leaſt alteration in their own conduct.

DE WITT.

It is very generous in your Majeſty not only to pity the fate of a man whoſe political principles made him an enemy to your greatneſs, but to aſcribe it to the caprice and inconſtancy of the people, as if there had been no great fault in his conduct. I feel the magnanimity of this diſcourſe from your Majeſty, and it confirms what I have heard of all your behaviour after my death. But here, where our conſcience muſt dictate our words when we ſpeak of ourſelves, and where our judgments are cleared from the miſts of our paſſions, I frankly confeſs, that though the rage of the people of Holland was carried too far, when they tore me and my brother to pieces, yet I had deſerved to loſe their affection, by relying too much on the uncertain and dangerous friendſhip of France, and by weakening the military

ſtrength of the ſtate to ſerve little purpoſes of my own power, and ſecure to myſelf the intereſted affection of the Burgomaſters, or others, who had a popular credit and weight in my faction. This had almoſt ſubjected my country to France, if you, great Prince, had not been ſet at the head of the falling Republic, and had not exerted ſuch virtues and talents to raiſe and ſupport it, as ſurpaſſed even the heroiſm and prudence of William, our firſt magnanimous Stadtholder, and equalled you to the moſt illuſtrious patriots of Greece or of Rome.

WILLIAM.

This praiſe from your mouth is glorious to me indeed! What can ſo much exalt the character of a prince, as to have his actions approved by a zealous Republican, and the enemy of his houſe!

DE WITT.

If I did not approve them I ſhould be the enemy of the Republic. You never ſought to tyrannize over it; you loved, you reſpected, you guarded its freedom. Thebes did not owe its liberty more to Epaminondas than Holland to you. It is to your *virtue*, not to your *royalty*, that

you owe my reſpect. How wonderful was it to ſee a young man, who had ſcarce attained to the twenty-ſecond year of his age, whoſe ſpirit had been depreſſed and kept down by a jealous and hoſtile faction, riſing at once to the conduct of a moſt arduous and perilous war, ſtopping an enemy victorious, triumphant, who had penetrated into the heart of his country; driving him back, and recovering from him all he had conquered: to ſee this done with an army, in which, a little before, there was neither diſcipline, courage, nor conduct! Ancient hiſtory has no exploit ſuperior to it; and it will ennoble the Modern, whenever a Livy or a Plutarch ſhall ariſe to do juſtice to it, and ſet the hero who performed it in a true light.

WILLIAM.

Say rather, when time ſhall have worn out that envy and party ſpleen which will not ſuffer mankind to ſee the great actions of their friends and benefactors in a true light, though they are repreſented ever ſo fairly.

DE WITT.

How magnanimous was your reply, how much in the ſpirit of true *ancient virtue*,

when being aſked, in the greateſt extremity of our danger, "*How you intended to live* "*after Holland was loſt?*" You ſaid, "*You would live on the lands you had left* "*in Germany; and had rather paſs your* "*life in hunting there, than ſell your coun-* "*try or liberty to France at any rate**!" How noble alſo was that other ſaying, when being offered your patrimonial lordſhips and lands in the county of Burgundy, or the full value of them, from France, by the mediation of England, in the treaty of peace, your anſwer was, "*That you would* "*be content to loſe them all, to gain one* "*good town more for the Spaniards in Flan-* "*ders!*" No wonder, after this, that you were able to form a league of all Europe againſt the ambition and power of France; that you were the ſoul of that generous league; that you could ſupport and keep it together, in ſpite of repeated and grievous misfortunes; that even after defeats you were as formidable to Louis as other generals after victories; and that in the end you became the Deliverer of Europe, as you had before been of Holland.

* See Temple's *Memoirs*, from the year 1672, to 1679. *p.* 259, 320, 321.

WILLIAM.

I had in truth no other object, no other paſſion at heart, throughout my whole life, but to maintain the independence and freedom of Europe againſt the encroaching power of France. It was this deſire which formed the whole plan of my policy, which animated all my counſels, both as Prince of Orange and King of England.

DE WITT.

This deſire was the moſt noble (I ſpeak it with ſhame) that could inflame the heart of a prince, whoſe anceſtors had oppoſed, and in a great meaſure deſtroyed, the power of Spain, when ſhe aſpired to the Monarchy of Europe. France, Sir, in your days, had an equal ambition, and more ſtrength to ſupport her enormous deſigns, than Spain under the government of Philip the Second. That ambition you checked, that ſtrength you reſiſted. I, alas! was ſeduced by the arts of her falſe, perfidious court, and by the neceſſity of affairs in that ſyſtem of policy which I had adopted, to aſk her aſſiſtance, to rely on her favour, and to make the Commonwealth, whoſe counſels I governed, ſubſervient to her greatneſs.—Permit me, Sir, to explain to

you the motives and principles of my conduct. If all the princes of Orange had acted like you, I ſhould never have been the enemy of your houſe. But Prince Maurice of Naſſau deſired to oppreſs the liberty of that ſtate his noble father had freed from oppreſſion, and which he himſelf had defended againſt the arms of the houſe of Auſtria with the higheſt reputation of military virtue. Under a feigned pretence of religion (the moſt execrable cover of a wicked deſign) he put to death Barnevelt, his father's beſt friend, becauſe he refuſed to concur with him in that ambitious deſire. He likewiſe impriſoned other good men and lovers of their country, confiſcated their eſtates, and ruined their families. Yet when he had done all theſe acts of injuſtice to make himſelf ſovereign of the Dutch Commonwealth, he found they had drawn ſuch an odium upon him, he found it ſo perilous to proceed any farther, that he durſt not accompliſh his iniquitous purpoſe, and ſtopped ſhort of the tyranny to which he had ſacrificed his honour and virtue: a diſappointment which mortified and chagrined him ſo much that it haſtened his death. His brother, Prince Henry, who ſucceeded to his dignities in the Republic, acted more honeſtly, and

with more moderation. But the ſon of that prince, your Majeſty's father, (I am ſorry to ſay what I know you hear with pain), reſumed, in the pride and fire of his youth, the ambitious deſigns of Maurice his uncle. He failed indeed, and ſoon afterwards died, but left in the hearts of the Republican party an incurable jealouſy and dread of his family, which occaſioned your Majeſty's being deprived of the charge of Stadtholder, and all the power your houſe had enjoyed from the firſt ſettlement of our Commonwealth. Full of thoſe prejudices, and zealous for liberty, I thought it my duty, as Penſionary of Holland, to prevent for ever, if I could, your reſtoration to a greatneſs which I ſincerely believed would be inconſiſtent with the ſafety and freedom of my country.

WILLIAM.

Allow me to ſtop you a moment here.—When my great-grandfather formed the plan of the Dutch Commonwealth, he made the power of a Stadtholder one of the principal ſprings in that ſyſtem of government. How could you think it would ever go well when deprived of that ſpring, ſo neceſſary to adjuſt and balance its motions? A conſtitution originally formed with no mixture of regal power may long

be ſupported without ſuch a power; but, if a degree of regal power was mixed in the frame and principles of it, the forcing *that* out muſt extremely diſorder and weaken the whole. This was particularly the caſe in our State. The negative voice of every ſmall town in the provincial ſtates, the ſlowneſs of our forms and deliberations, the facility with which foreign powers may corrupt and buy the opinions of ſo many perſons as have a right to concur in our reſolutions, make it impoſſible for the government to be well carried on without the power and influence of a Stadtholder, which is the only remedy for thoſe evils.

DE WITT.

I acknowledge the truth of your Majeſty's obſervation. But I and my party thought no evil ſo great as that remedy would have been; and therefore we ſought for other reſources. One of thoſe was the friendſhip, or (to ſpeak in plain terms) the *protection* of France. I flattered myſelf that the intereſt of the French would ſecure to me their favour, as your relation to the crown of England might well raiſe in them a jealouſy of your power. I hoped they would promote the trade of the Dutch in oppoſition to the Engliſh, the

ancient enemies of their crown, and let us enjoy a perpetual peace, unleſs we made war upon England, or England upon us; in which caſe I preſumed we ſhould have their aſſiſtance. I relied ſo much on theſe notions, in which I was encouraged by Monſieur d'Eſtrades, the French miniſter at the Hague, who ſerved his court but too well, and I found my authority grow ſo ſtrong by my firmneſs in purſuing this plan, that I had no apprehenſions of the *mine* that was forming under my feet.--I made it my care to keep up a great navy, well commanded and officered, as a ſecurity againſt the Engliſh; but, as I feared nothing from France or from Spain, I neglected the army; or rather (to ſpeak the truth) I deſtroyed it, by enervating all its ſpirit and ſtrength, by diſbanding old troops and veteran officers, attached to the houſe of Orange, and putting in their place a *trading militia*, commanded by officers who had neither experience nor courage, and who owed their promotions to no other merit but their relation or intereſt with ſome leading men in the ſeveral *oligarchies* of which the government in all the Dutch towns is compoſed. Nevertheleſs, by the French invaſion of Flanders, I was forced, much againſt my own will, to de-

part, at one juncture of time, from my cloſe correſpondence and connexion with France, and to concur with England and Sweden in the Triple Alliance, which Sir William Temple propoſed, to check her ambition: but as I entered into that meaſure from neceſſity, not from choice, I did not purſue it. I neglected to improve our union with England, or to ſecure that with Sweden; I ſought no conjunction of counſels with Spain; I formed no alliance with the Emperor or the Germans; I corrupted our army ſtill more and more, till a ſudden, unnatural confederacy, ſtruck up between England and France, for the conqueſt of the Seven Provinces, brought *them* at once to the brink of deſtruction, and made me and my miſerable brother the victims to the rage of a people too juſtly provoked.

WILLIAM.

I muſt ſay, that your plan was in effect nothing more than to procure for the Dutch *a licence to trade, under the good pleaſure and gracious protection of France.* But any ſtate that ſo much depends on another is only a *province,* and its *liberty* is a *ſervitude* graced with a fair and plauſible name. You ſhould have reflected, that to a monarch ſo vain and ambitious as *Louis le*

Grand, the idea of a conqueſt which ſeemed almoſt certain, and the deſire of humbling a haughty Republic, were temptations too powerful to be reſiſted. And if you knew the character of Charles the Second, or the principles of his government, you ought not to have thought his union with France for the ruin of Holland an impoſſible or even improbable thing, but ſhould have provided againſt it in time. It is ſcarce excuſable in a miniſter to be greatly ſurpriſed, that the inclinations of princes ſhould ſometimes make them act without any regard to the political maxims and intereſts of their kingdoms.

DE WITT.

I am aſhamed of my error; but the cauſe of it was, that though I thought very ill, I did not think quite ſo ill of Charles the Second as he deſerved. I imagined too that his parliament, and even his council, would have reſtrained him from ſuch a war. Nay, I truſted that, if the French ſhould attack us, the Engliſh would think their ſafety concerned in our defence. Theſe, I own, are excuſes, not juſtifications. When the French army marched into Holland, and found it in a condition ſo unfit to reſiſt them, my fame

as a miniſter irrecoverably ſunk. For, not to appear a *traitor*, I was obliged to confeſs that I had been a *dupe**. But who can ſufficiently praiſe the great wiſdom and virtue *you* ſhowed in rejecting ſo firmly the offers made to you, when firſt you appeared at the head of your country, by England and France, and repeated ſo often in the courſe of the war, to give you the *ſovereignty of the Seven Provinces*, with the aid, and under the protection of the two crowns? Believe me, great Prince, had I been living then, and had known the generous anſwers you made to thoſe offers, anſwers that would have become the mouth of Timoleon or Epaminondas, the moſt devoted friend to your houſe would not have been more your ſervant than I. But who could hope for ſuch moderation, and ſuch a right ſenſe of glory and greatneſs in a young man, deſcended from *Kings*, whoſe mother was daughter to Charles the Firſt, and whoſe father had left him the example of quite a different conduct? Happy indeed were the Engliſh to have ſuch a prince, ſo nearly allied to their crown both in blood and by marriage, whom they might call to be

* See Temple's *Memoirs*, from the year 1672, to 1679. p. 259, 299.

their Deliverer, when by bigotry and by deſpotiſm, the two greateſt enemies to human ſociety, their whole conſtitution in church and ſtate was almoſt overthrown!

WILLIAM.

They might have been happy; but they were not.——As ſoon as I had accompliſhed their deliverance for them, many of them forgot the danger and ruin from which I had ſaved them, and wiſhed to reſtore the unforgiving Prince, whom they had ſo unanimouſly expelled from his kingdom. Such levity ſeems incredible.—— I could not myſelf have imagined it poſſible, eſpecially in a nation famed for *good ſenſe*, if I had not had proofs of it beyond contradiction. They ſeemed as much to forget *what they called me over for*, as that *they had called me over*. The ſecurity of their religion and laws was no longer their care. All was to yield to the incomprehenſible doctrine of *right divine*, and *paſſive obedience*. Thus the *Tories* grew *Jacobites*, after having renounced both King James and that doctrine, by their oppoſition to him, by their invitation of me, and by every act of the parliament which gave me the crown. But the moſt troubleſome to me were a ſet of Republicans, who

oppoſed all my meaſures, perplexed my affairs, and joined with the Jacobites in diſturbing my government, becauſe it was not a commonwealth.

DE WITT.

They who were Republicans under your government in the kingdom of England did not love liberty, but aſpired to dominion; and wiſhed to throw the nation into a ſtate of anarchy and confuſion, that they might draw out of it power to themſelves.

WILLIAM.

Your obſervation in general is very juſt. A proud man very often imagines himſelf a lover of liberty when he is only impatient of a power in government above his own, and, were he a king or firſt miniſter, would be a tyrant. Nevertheleſs I will own to you, that there were ſome Whigs, and even ſome of the moderate Tories, who, with honeſt intentions, and ſometimes with good judgments, propoſed new ſecurities to the liberty of the nation, againſt the prerogative or influence of the crown, and the corruption of miniſters in future times. To ſome of theſe I gave way, being convinced they were right; but others I reſiſted, for fear of weakening

too much the royal authority, and breaking that balance, in which the perfection of a *mixed* form of government always conſiſts. I ſhould not, perhaps, have reſiſted ſo many, if I had not ſeen in the Houſe of Commons a diſpoſition to riſe in their demands on the Crown, had they found it more yielding. The difficulties of my government upon the whole were ſo great, that I once had reſolved to give back to the nation the crown they had given, and retire to Holland, where I found more affection and gratitude in the people. But I was ſtopped by the prayers of my friends, and by an unwillingneſs to undo the great work I had done; eſpecially as I knew that, if England ſhould fall into the hands of King James, it would be a very hard matter to preſerve the reſt of Europe from the dominion of France.

DE WITT.

Heaven be praiſed that your Majeſty did not perſiſt in ſo fatal a reſolution. Holland would have been ruined by it as well as England But I cannot enough expreſs my ſurpriſe, that you ſhould have met with ſuch treatment as could induce you to conceive ſuch a thought! The Engliſh muſt ſure be a people incapable either of liberty or ſubjection!

WILLIAM.

There were, I confeſs, ſome faults in my temper, and ſome in my government, which are an excuſe for my ſubjects in regard to the uneaſineſs and diſquiet they gave me. I was too cold and reſerved for their genius. They are a frank, open-hearted, good-humoured people. My taciturnity, which agreed very well with the temper of the Dutch, offended their's. They love an affable prince: it was his affability that made them ſo fond of King Charles the Second. Then the exceſs of my favour to ſome of the Dutch, whom I brought over with me, excited a national jealouſy in them, and hurt their pride. My government alſo appeared too unſteady, too fluctuating between the Whigs and the Tories, which almoſt deprived me at laſt of the confidence and love of both parties. I truſted too much to the integrity and the purity of my intentions, without uſing thoſe arts that are neceſſary to allay the ferment of parties, and win men to their duty by ſoothing their paſſions. Upon the whole, I am ſenſible that I better underſtood how to govern the Dutch than the Engliſh or Scotch, and ſhould, perhaps, have been thought a greater man, if I had never been king of Great Britain.

DE WITT.

The faults in your temper or conduct in government were by no means ſufficient to tarniſh the luſtre of ſo many virtues, and ſo many great talents, as you were endowed with. It is a ſhame to the Engliſh, that gratitude and affection for ſuch merit as your's, and ſuch obligations as they had to you in points ſo eſſential, did not overcome any little diſguſts, and enthrone their Deliverer in the hearts of his people. But will your Majeſty give me leave to aſk you one queſtion? I have heard that ſome part of the nation diſliked your alliances on the Continent, and ſpoke of your war with France as a war of ambition, and a *Dutch meaſure*, in which you ſacrificed England to Holland.

WILLIAM.

The cry of the nation at firſt was ſtrong for the war; but before the end of it the Tories began to talk the language you mention. And no wonder they did;—for, as they then had a mind to ſet up again the maxims of government that had prevailed in the reign of their beloved Charles the Second, they could not but repreſent oppoſition to France, and vigorous mea-

ſures taken to reſtrain her ambition, as unneceſſary for England: becauſe they well knew that the counſels of that king had been averſe to ſuch meaſures; that his whole policy made him a friend to France; that he was governed by a French miſtreſs, and even bribed by French money, to give that court his aſſiſtance, or at leaſt his acquieſcence, in all their deſigns.

DE WITT.

Had the Stuart family done nothing elſe to incur the reſentment of the Engliſh, *that* alone was ſufficient, in my opinion, to juſtify the Revolution. A king of England, whoſe cabinet is governed by France, and who becomes a vile penſioner to a French king, degrades himſelf from his royalty, and can be conſidered in no better light than as an enemy to the nation. Indeed the whole conduct of Charles the Second, when he was not forced off from his natural bias by the neceſſity he ſometimes was under of ſoothing his parliament, was a conſtant, deſigned, ſyſtematical oppoſition to the intereſt of his people. His brother, though in his heart, perhaps, more attached to the honour of England, was, by his Popery, and deſire of abſolute power, forced to lean upon France, and do nothing

to ſtop her deſigns on the Continent, or leſſen her greatneſs. It was therefore neceſſary to place the Britiſh crown on your head, not only to preſerve the religion and laws of the Engliſh and Scotch from internal oppreſſions, but to ſave the whole iſland from being ſoon made a province to France. And what folly or ignorance was it to brand your meaſures abroad, as ſacrificing the intereſt of your Britiſh dominions to that of the Dutch? Had Great Britain no intereſt to hinder the French from being maſters of all the Auſtrian Netherlands, and forcing the Seven United Provinces to ſubmit with the reſt to their yoke? Would her trade, would her coaſts, would her capital, have been ſafe, after ſuch an increaſe of maritime power of ſhipping and ſailors as France would have certainly gained by thoſe conqueſts? And what could have prevented them, but the war which you waged, and the alliances which you formed? Could the Dutch and the Germans, unaided by England, have reſiſted a power which, even with her aſſiſtance, great as it was, they could hardly reſiſt? And after the peace of Reſwick, procured by the efforts of the *firſt grand alliance*, did not a new and greater danger require another ſuch league to be

formed? Was not the union of France and Spain under one monarch the moſt dreadful proſpect that ever threatened the liberty and independence of Europe? and was it not wiſdom in England to try all means to prevent it?

WILLIAM.

I thought ſo; and I am ſure I did not judge wrong. But Faction is blind, or ſhuts her eyes not to ſee the moſt evident truths that croſs her deſigns, as ſhe believes any abſurdity or lies that aſſiſt them.

DE WITT.

That there might be ſome fault in the management of the war you made againſt France, particularly with regard to the operations at ſea, I will not deny. But the only objection which I can ſuppoſe to have any weight againſt your ſyſtem of foreign affairs, is the enormous expence that attends it; an expence which I am afraid neither England nor Holland will be able to bear without great inconvenience, when they come to make up their final accounts.

WILLIAM.

I will anſwer that objection by aſking

a queſtion. If, when you were Penſionary of Holland, intelligence had been brought, that the dykes were all giving way, and the ſea coming in to overwhelm and to drown us, what would you have ſaid to one of the deputies who, when you were propoſing the proper repairs to ſtop the inundation, ſhould have objected to the expence, as too heavy on the province? This was the caſe, in a political ſenſe, with both England and Holland. The fences our anceſtors had raiſed to keep out ſuperſtition and tyranny were all giving way: thoſe dreadful evils were threatening to break in upon us, and overwhelm our eccleſiaſtical and civil conſtitutions. Our deſtruction was inevitable, if we did not exert our utmoſt endeavours to ſave ourſelves from it. In ſuch circumſtances to object to a neceſſary expence is folly and madneſs.

DE WITT.

It is certain, Sir, that the wealth of a nation can never be ſo well employed as to preſerve their religion and freedom. When *theſe* are loſt, there remains nothing worth the concern of a good or wiſe man. I acknowledge, too, that the reſources of a commercial country, which knows how to ſupport its commerce by great and

powerful fleets, and to raiſe its taxes in a way not hurtful to trade, are immenſe, and beyond what could be conceived till the trial is made. But yet an *unlimited* and *continued* expence will in the end ſo weaken a nation, that it muſt ſink under the weight; and then its independence cannot be maintained. What matters it whether a ſtate is mortally wounded by the hand of a foreign enemy, or dies by a conſumption of its own vital ſtrength? Such a conſumption will come upon Holland ſooner than upon England, becauſe the latter has a greater radical force: but, great as it is, that force may be ſo diminiſhed at laſt by perpetual drains, that it may fail all at once, and what may appear its moſt *vigorous efforts*, may in reality be *the convulſions of death*. I don't apply this to your Majeſty's government; but I ſpeak with a view to what I foreſee may happen hereafter from the extenſive ideas of negociation and war which you have eſtabliſhed. They have been ſalutary to your kingdom; but they will be pernicious in future times, if, in purſuing great plans, great miniſters do not act with a ſobriety and a prudence which ſeldom are joined with an extraordinary vigour and boldneſs of counſels.

DIALOGUE XIX.

M. APICIUS. DARTENEUF.

DARTENEUF.

ALAS! poor *Apicius*, — I pity thee much for not having lived in my age and my country. How many good diſhes have I ate in England that were unknown at Rome in thy days!

APICIUS.

Keep your pity for yourſelf. — How many good diſhes have I ate in Rome, the knowledge of which has been loſt in theſe latter degenerate days! The fat paps of a ſow, the livers of ſcari, the brains of phœnicopters, and the *tripotanum*, which conſiſted of three ſorts of fiſh for which you have no names, the *lupus marinus*, the *myxo*, and the *muræna*.

DARTENEUF.

I thought the *muræna* had been our lamprey. We have excellent ones in the Severn!

APICIUS.

No: — the muræna was a ſalt-water fiſh, and kept in ponds into which the ſea was admitted.

DARTENEUF.

Why then I dare ſay our lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them potted or ſtewed?

APICIUS.

I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I ſhould have been afraid that the Britons would have ate me.

DARTENEUF.

I am ſorry for you, very ſorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never eat the beſt oyſters in the world*.

APICIUS.

Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oyſters were brought to Rome in my time†.

* See St Evremond's *Letters*.

† See Juvenal and Pliny. Arbuthnot on *Ancient Coins*, c. 5. pars 2.

DARTENEUF.

They could not be freſh: they were good for nothing there.——You ſhould have come to Sandwich to eat them. It is a ſhame for you that you did not.—An Epicure talk of danger when he is in ſearch of a *dainty!* Did not Leander ſwim over the Helleſpont to get to his miſtreſs? And what is a *wench* to a barrel of excellent oyſters!

APICIUS.

Nay—I am ſure you can't blame me for any want of alertneſs in ſeeking fine fiſhes *. I ſailed to the coaſt of Afric from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taſte of one ſpecies, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coaſt; and finding that I had received a falſe information, I returned again without deigning to land.

DARTENEUF.

There was ſome ſenſe in *that:* but why did not you alſo make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you taſted thoſe oyſters in their perfection, you would never have come back: you would have ate till you burſt.

* See Athenæus and Bayle, in his Notes to the Article *Apicius.*

APICIUS.

I wiſh I had: — it would have been better than poiſoning myſelf, as I did, becauſe, when I came to make up my accounts, I found I had not much above the poor ſum *of fourſcore thouſand pounds* left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from ſtarving *.

DARTENEUF.

A ſum *of fourſcore thouſand pounds* not keep you from ſtarving! Would I had had it! I ſhould not have ſpent it in twenty years, though I had kept the beſt table in London, ſuppoſing I had made no other expence.

APICIUS.

Alas, poor man! This ſhows that you Engliſh have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died I had ſpent in my kitchen 807,291 l. 13 s. 4 d †.

DARTENEUF.

I don't believe a word of it: there is an error in the account.

* See Senec. de Conſol. ad Helviam. Martial. Epig. 22. l. 3. Bayle, *Apicius*. See Arbuth. p. 116.
† See Arbuthnot, p. 116.

APICIUS.

Why, the eſtabliſhment of Lucullus for his ſuppers in *the Apollo*, I mean for every ſupper he ate in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614 l. 11 s. 8 d.*.

DARTENEUF.

Would I had ſupped with him there! But is there no blunder in theſe calculations?

APICIUS.

Aſk your learned men *that*.—I count as they tell me.—But perhaps you may think that theſe feaſts were only made by great men like Lucullus, who had plundered all Aſia *to help him in his houſekeeping*. What will you ſay when I tell you that the player Æſopus had one diſh that coſt him ſix thouſand ſeſtertia, that is, 4843 l. 10 s. Engliſh †.

DARTENEUF.

What will I ſay? why, that I pity poor Cibber and Booth; and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I ſhould

* See Arbuthnot, p. 133.

† Arbuthnot, p. 133. Plin. l. 10. c. 60.

have hanged myſelf for vexation that I did not live in thoſe days.

APICIUS.

Well you might, well you might.—You don't know what *eating* is. You never could know it. Nothing leſs than the wealth of the Roman empire is ſufficient to enable a man *to keep a good table*. Our players were richer by far than your princes.

DARTENEUF.

Oh that I had but lived in *the bleſſed reign* of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their ſlaves!

APICIUS.

Ay, there you touch me.—I am miſerable that I died before their *good times**. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the beſt eaters of the age that I lived in. Vitellius ſpent in eating and drinking, within one year, what would amount in your money to above 7,200,000 l. †. He told me ſo himſelf in a converſation I had with him not long

* See Bayle, *Apicius*. Athenæus, l. 1. p 7.
† Arbuthnot, c. 5.

ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall ſhort of his royal magnificence.

DARTENEUF.

Theſe indeed were *great princes*. But what affects me moſt is the diſh of that *player*, that damned fellow Æſopus. I can't bear to think of his having lived ſo much better than I. Pray of what ingredients might the diſh he paid ſo much for conſiſt?

APPICIUS.

Chiefly of *ſinging birds*. It was *that* which ſo greatly enhanced the price *.

DARTENEUF.

Of *ſinging birds!* choak him.—I never ate but *one*, which I ſtole from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar about it, as if I had ſtolen and roaſted a child. But, upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have ſo much reaſon to envy Æſopus: for the *ſinging bird* which I ate was no better in its taſte than a fat lark or thruſh. It was not ſo good as a wheatear or *becafigue*. And therefore I ſuſpect that all the luxury you

* Arbuthnot, p. 133.

have bragged of was nothing but vanity and fooliſh expence. It was like that of the ſon of Æſopus, who diſſolved pearls in vinegar and drunk them at ſupper. I'll be damned if a haunch of veniſon, and my favourite *ham pye*, were not much better diſhes than any at the table of Vitellius himſelf *. I don't find that you ever had any good ſoups, without which no man *of taſte* can poſſibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat: and what is better than the *wing* of one of our Engliſh *wild* rabbits? I have been told that you had no turkies: the mutton in Italy is very ill-flavoured; and as for your boars *roaſted whole*, I deſpiſe them; they are only fit to be ſerved up to the mob at a corporation feaſt or election dinner. A ſmall *barbecued hog* is worth a hundred of them; and a good collar of Shrewſbury brawn is a much better diſh.

APICIUS.

If you had ſome kinds of meat that we wanted, yet our cookery muſt have been greatly ſuperior to your's. Our cooks were ſo excellent, that they could give to hog's fleſh the taſte of all other meats †.

* Pope's *Imit. of Hor.* Sat. 1. l. 46.

† See Arbuthnot, c. 5.

DARTENEUF.

I ſhould not have liked their damned imitations. You might as eaſily have impoſed on a good *connoiſſeur* the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats a rich flavour of bacon, without deſtroying that which makes the diſtinction of one from another. I have not the leaſt doubt that our *eſſence of hams* is a much better ſauce than any that ever was uſed by the Ancients. We have a hundred *ragouts*, the compoſition of which exceeds all deſcription. Had your's been as good, you could not have lolled, as you did, upon couches while you were eating. They would have made you ſit up and attend to your buſineſs. Then you had a cuſtom of hearing things *read to you* while you were at ſupper: this ſhows you were not ſo well entertained as we are with our meat. For my own part, when I was at table I could mind nothing elſe: I neither heard, ſaw, nor ſpoke: I only ſmelt and taſted. But the worſt of all is, that you had no wine fit to be named with good claret, or Burgundy, or Champagne, or old hock, or tokay. You boaſted much of your *Falernum;* but I have taſted the *Lachrymæ Chriſti,*

and other wines that grow upon the ſame coaſt, not one of which would I drink above a glaſs or two of if you would give me the kingdom of Naples. You boiled your wines, and mixed water with them; which ſhows that in themſelves they were not fit to drink.

APICIUS.

I am afraid you beat us in wines; not to mention your cyder, perry, and beer, of all which I have heard great fame from ſome Engliſh with whom I have talked; and their report has been confirmed by the teſtimony of their neighbours, who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been alſo ſaid to me of a liquor called *punch*.

DARTENEUF.

Ay—to have died without taſting *that* is unhappy indeed! There is *rum punch*, and *arrack punch!* It is hard to ſay which is beſt; but Jupiter would have given his *nectar* for either of them, upon my word and honour.

APICIUS.

The thought of it puts me into a fever with thirſt. From whence do you get your arrack and your rum?

DARTENEUF.

Why, from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, which you knew nothing of. *That* is enough to decide the diſpute. Your trade to the Eaſt Indies was very far ſhort of what we carry on; and the Weſt Indies were not diſcovered. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us? Think of *that*, and deſpair.

APICIUS.

I cannot indeed but lament my ill fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine apples, and twenty other fine meats, or fine fruits, produced there, which I have never taſted. What an advantage is it to you, that all your ſweetmeats, tarts, cakes, and other delicacies of that nature, are ſweetened with ſugar inſtead of honey, which we were obliged to make uſe of for want of that plant! But what grieves me moſt is, that I never ate a *turtle*. They tell me that it is abſolutely the beſt of all foods!

DARTENEUF.

Yes, I have heard the Americans ſay ſo:

—but I never ate any: for in my time they were not brought over to England.

APICIUS.

Never ate any turtle! How didſt thou dare accuſe me of not going to Sandwich to eat oyſters, and didſt not thyſelf take a trip to America to riot on *turtles?* But know, wretched man, that I am informed they are now as plentiful in England as ſturgeon. There are *turtle-boats* that go regularly to London and Briſtol from the Weſt Indies. I have juſt ſeen a fat alderman, who died in London laſt week of a ſurfeit he got at a *turtle-feaſt* in that city.

DARTENEUF.

What does he ſay? does he tell you that *turtle* is better than *veniſon!*

APICIUS.

He ſays there was a haunch of veniſon untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle; that he ate till he fell aſleep in his chair, and that the food was ſo wholeſome, he ſhould not have died if he had not unluckily caught cold in his ſleep, which ſtopped his perſpiration, and hurt his digeſtion.

DARTENEUF.

Alas! how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when the pleaſure of eating was thought to be carried to its higheſt perfection in England and France; and yet a *turtle-feaſt* is a novelty to me! Would it be impoſſible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day, juſt to taſte of that food? I would promiſe to kill myſelf by the quantity I would eat before the next morning.

APICIUS.

You have forgot, Sir, that you have no *body*: that which you had has been rotten a great while ago: and you can never return to the earth with another, unleſs Pythagoras carries you thither to animate that of a hog. But comfort yourſelf, that, as you have ate dainties which I never taſted, ſo the next age will eat ſome unknown to the preſent. New diſcoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. We muſt both be philoſophers. We muſt be thankful *for the good things we have had*, and not grudge others *better*, if they fall to their ſhare. Conſider that, after all, we could but have ate as much as our ſto

machs would hold, and *that* we did every day of our lives.—But ſee; who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

MERCURY. Gentlemen, I muſt tell you, that I have ſtood near you inviſible, and heard your diſcourſe, a privilege which we Deities uſe when we pleaſe. Attend therefore to a diſcovery which I ſhall make to you, relating to the ſubject upon which you were talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient and the other in modern times, that had more pleaſure in eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

APICIUS.

One of theſe, I preſume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman ſettled in the Weſt Indies.

MERCURY. No; one was a Spartan ſoldier, and the other an Engliſh farmer.—I ſee you both look aſtoniſhed: but what I tell you is truth. The ſoldier never ate his *black broth* till the exerciſes, to which by their diſcipline the Spartan troops were obliged, had got him ſuch an appetite, that he could have gnawed a bone like a dog. The farmer was out at the tail of his plough, or ſome other wholeſome labour, from morning till night; and when he came

home his wife dreſſed him a piece of good beef, or a fine barn-door fowl and a pudding, for his dinner, which he ate much more ravenouſly, and conſequently with a great deal more reliſh and pleaſure, than you did your *tripotanum* or your *ham pye*. Your ſtomachs were always ſo overcharged, that I queſtion if ever you felt real hunger, or ate one meal in twenty years without forcing your appetites, which makes all things inſipid. I tell you, therefore, again, that the ſoldier and the farmer had much more of the joy of eating than you.

DARTENEUF.

This is more mortifying than not to have ſhared a turtle-feaſt. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong ſyſtem, and never had any *true notions of pleaſure*.

APICIUS.

It is a ſad thing not to know what *good living* is before one is *dead*. I wiſh, Mercury, you had taught me your *art of cookery* in my lifetime, or held your tongue about it *here*.

DIALOGUE XX.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.
CHARLES THE TWELFTH, *King of Sweden.*

ALEXANDER.

YOUR Majeſty ſeems in very great wrath! Who has offended you? what is the matter?

CHARLES.

The offence is to you as much as to me. Here is a fellow got into Elyſium who has moſt impudently affronted us both. It is an Engliſh poet, one *Pope*. He has called us *two madmen* *!

ALEXANDER.

I have been very unlucky in poets. No prince was ever more fond of the Muſes, or received from them a more ungrateful return! When I was alive, I declared that I envied Achilles, becauſe he had a Homer to ſing his exploits, and I moſt liberally

* Pope's *Eſſay on Man*, Epiſt. 4. l. 219, 220.

rewarded Chœrilus, a pretender to poetry, for having endeavoured to celebrate mine: but my bounty, inſtead of doing me honour, has ſince drawn upon me the cenſures of Horace, a witty Roman poet, as ſhowing only my want of taſte; and Lucan, another poet of the ſame nation, has loaded my memory with the harſheſt invectives.

CHARLES.

I know nothing of theſe; but I know that in my time a French ſatiriſt, one *Boileau*, made ſo free with your character, that I tore his book for having abuſed *my favourite hero**. And now this ſaucy Engliſhman has libelled us both.—But I have a propoſal to make to you for the reparation of our honour. If you will join with me, we will turn all theſe ſcribblers out of Elyſium, and throw them down to the bottom of Tartarus, in ſpite of Pluto and all his guards.

ALEXANDER.

This is juſt ſuch a ſcheme as your's at Bender, to maintain yourſelf there with three hundred Swedes againſt the whole

* See Porriatowſki's *Remarks* on Voltaire's *Hiſtory of Charles* XII.

force of the Ottoman empire. And I muſt ſay, that ſuch follies gave Pope too much cauſe to call you *a madman*.

CHARLES.

If my heroiſm was *madneſs*, your's, I preſume, was not *wiſdom*.

ALEXANDER.

There was a vaſt difference between your conduct and mine. All my plans and operations of war were well laid, and carried on with great prudence. My meaſures were proper to anſwer my ends; and, let poets or declaimers ſay what they will, whoever reads the hiſtory of my life with attention will find, that I was an able and wiſe politician, as well as a brave and intrepid ſoldier. But you, by unwiſely leading your army into the vaſt and barren deſerts of the Ukraine at the approach of the winter, expoſed it to periſh for want of ſubſiſtence, loſt your artillery, loſt a great part of your troops by cold and fatigue, and were forced to fight with the Muſcovites under ſuch diſadvantages as made it almoſt impoſſible for you to conquer.

CHARLES.

I will not diſpute your ſuperiority as a

general. It is not for me *a mere mortal*, to contend with *the ſon of Jupiter Ammon*.

ALEXANDER.

I ſuppoſe you think my pretending that Jupiter was my father, as much entitles me to the name of *a madman* as your behaviour at Bender does you; but you are greatly miſtaken. It was my policy, not my vanity, which formed that pretenſion. When I propoſed to undertake the conqueſt of Aſia, it was neceſſary for me to appear to the people *ſomething more than a man*. They had been uſed to the idea of *Demi god heros*. I therefore claimed an equal deſcent with Oſiris and Seſoſtris, with Bacchus and Hercules, the former conquerors of the Eaſt. The opinion of my divinity aſſiſted my arms, and helped to ſubdue all nations before me, from the Granicus to the Ganges. But though I called myſelf *the ſon of Jupiter*, and kept up the veneration that name inſpired, by the extraordinary courage I ſhowed, and the ſublime magnanimity of all my behaviour, I did not forget *that I was the ſon of Philip*. I uſed the policy of my father, and the wiſe leſſons of Ariſtotle, whom he had made my preceptor, to conduct and advance my heroic deſigns. It

was *the ſon of Philip* who planted Greek colonies in all Aſia as far as the Indies; who formed projects of trade more great and extenſive than his empire itſelf; who laid the foundations of them in the midſt of his wars; who built Alexandria, to be the centre and ſtaple of commerce between Europe, Aſia, and Afric; who ſent Nearchus to navigate the Indian ſeas, and propoſed to have gone himſelf from thoſe ſeas to the Pillars of Hercules, that is, to have explored the paſſage round Afric, the diſcovery of which has ſince done ſuch honour to Vaſquez de Gama *. It was *the ſon of Philip* who, after ſubduing the Perſians, governed them with ſuch lenity, ſuch juſtice, ſuch wiſdom, that they loved him even more than their natural kings; and who, by intermarriages, and all methods moſt fit to produce a coalition and union between the conquerors and the conquered, cemented and modelled them into one people. But how did you, Sir, behave when your arms were ſucceſsful? What did you do to advance the trade of your ſubjects, to procure any benefit to thoſe you had vanquiſhed, or to convert any enemy into a friend?

* See Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*.

CHARLES.

When I might have made myſelf king of Poland, and was adviſed to do ſo by Count Piper, my favourite miniſter, I choſe rather to act a generous part, and give that kingdom to Staniſlaus, as you gave ſome of your conqueſts in India to Porus, beſides his own realm, which you reſtored to him after you had beaten his army, and taken him captive.

ALEXANDER.

I gave him the government of thoſe ſtates *under me*, and as my *lieutenant*; which was the beſt way of preſerving my power in conqueſts where I could not leave garriſons ſufficient to keep them. The ſame policy was afterwards practiſed by the Romans in the diſtant parts of their empire. But neither was I, nor were they, ſo extravagant, as to conquer *only for others*, or to dethrone kings with no view but merely to have the pleaſure of beſtowing their crowns on ſome other perſon of the ſame nation, without any advantage to ourſelves or our people. Nevertheleſs, I will own, that my expedition to India was an exploit *of the ſon of Jupiter*, not *of the ſon of Philip*. I had done better if

I had ſtaid to give more conſiſtency to my Perſian and Grecian empires, inſtead of attempting more conqueſts ſo ſoon. Yet this war was of uſe to hinder my troops from being corrupted by the effeminacy of Aſia, and to keep up that awe of my name which was the great ſupport of my power. And, whatever you may have done in other reſpects, you did not, I am ſure, take example by me in your behaviour to the king you had vanquiſhed. Your obliging Auguſtus to write *a letter of congratulation* * himſelf to the perſon whom in his ſtead you had made king of Poland, was the reverſe of my treatment of Porus and Darius. It was an ungenerous inſult upon his ill fortune! it was the triumph of a *little* and a *low* mind! The viſit you made him after that inſult was a farther contempt, offenſive to him, and both uſeleſs and dangerous to yourſelf.

CHARLES.

I feared no danger from it.—I knew he durſt not uſe the power I gave him of doing me harm.

* See Voltaire's *Charles* XII.

ALEXANDER.

If his reſentment had prevailed over his fear, as it might, you would have periſhed by your inſolence and preſumption. For my part, intrepid as I was in all dangers which I thought it was proper for me to meet, I never put myſelf one moment in the power of any perſon whom I had offended. But you had the raſhneſs of *folly* as well as of *heroiſm*. A falſe opinion conceived of your enemy's weakneſs proved at laſt your undoing. When, in anſwer to ſome propoſitions of peace, ſent to you by the Czar, you ſaid, "*You would come* "*and treat with him at Moſcow;*" he replied very juſtly, "*That you affected to act* "*like Alexander; but that you ſhould not* "*find in him a Darius* *." And, doubtleſs, you ought to have been better acquainted with the character of that prince. Had Perſia been governed by a *Peter Alexiowitz* when I attacked it, I ſhould have acted more cautiouſly, and not have counted ſo much on the ſuperiority of my troops in valour and diſcipline, over an army led by a king who was capable of inſtructing them in all that they wanted.

* See Voltaire's *Charles* XII.

CHARLES.

The battle of Narva, won by eight thouſand Swedes againſt fourſcore thouſand Ruſſians, ſeemed to authoriſe my contempt of them and their prince.

ALEXANDER.

It happened that he was not himſelf in that battle. But he had not as yet had the time that was neceſſary to diſcipline and inſtruct his barbarous ſoldiers. You gave him that time, and he uſed it ſo well, that you found at Pultowa the Ruſſians become quite a different nation. Had you followed the blow you gave them at Narva, and marched on to Moſcow, you might have deſtroyed *their Hercules in his cradle*: but you left him to grow till his ſtrength was mature, and then acted as if he was ſtill in his childhood.

CHARLES.

I muſt confeſs you excelled me in conduct, in policy, and in true magnanimity. But my liberality was not inferior to your's; and neither you nor any mortal has ever ſurpaſſed me in the enthuſiaſm of courage and valour. I was alſo free from thoſe vices which ſullied your character. I never

was drunk; I killed no friend in the riot of a feaſt; I fired no palace at the inſtigation of a harlot.

ALEXANDER.

It may, perhaps, be admitted as ſome excuſe from my drunkenneſs, that the Perſians eſteemed it an excellence in their kings to be able to drink a great deal of wine, and the Macedonians were far from thinking it a diſhonour. But you were as frantic and cruel when ſober as I was when drunk. You were ſober when you reſolved to continue in Turkey againſt the will of the Grand Seignior*; you were ſober when you commanded the unfortunate Patkull, whoſe only crime was his having maintained the rights of his country, and who bore the ſacred character of an ambaſſador, to be broke alive on the wheel, againſt the laws of nations, and thoſe of humanity, more inviolable ſtill to a generous mind; you were ſober, too, when you wrote to the Senate of Sweden, who, upon a report of your death, endeavoured to take ſome care of your kingdom, *that you would ſend them one of your boots, and they ſhould receive their orders from that, if they pretended to*

* See Voltaire's *Charles* XII.

meddle in government: an inſult much worſe than any the Macedonians complained of from me, when I was moſt heated with wine and with adulation! As for my chaſtity, it was not, I own, ſo perfect as your's, though I obtained great praiſe for my continence: but, perhaps, if you had been not quite ſo inſenſible to the charms of the ſex, it would have mitigated and ſoftened the fierceneſs, the pride, and the obſtinacy of your nature.

CHARLES.

It would have ſoftened me into a woman, or, what I think meaner ſtill, the ſlave of a woman. But I deny that you never were cruel or frantic unleſs you were drunk. You were not drunk when you crucified Hephæſtion's phyſician for not curing a man who killed himſelf by his intemperance in his ſickneſs; nor when you ſacrificed to the *manes* of that favourite officer the whole nation of the Cuſſeans, men, women, and children, who were entirely innocent of his death; becauſe you had read in Homer, that Achilles had immolated ſome Trojan captives on the tomb of Patroclus*. I could mention

* See Plutarch's *Life of Alexander.*

more proofs that your paſſions inflamed you as much as wine: but theſe are ſufficient.

ALEXANDER.

I cannot deny that my paſſions were ſometimes ſo violent as to take from me the uſe of my reaſon; eſpecially when the pride of ſuch amazing ſucceſſes, the ſervitude of the Perſians, and Barbarian flattery, had intoxicated my mind. To bear, at my age, ſuch fortune as mine, with moderation and ſobriety, was hardly in human nature. As for you, there was an exceſs and intemperance in your virtues, which turned them all into vices. And one virtue you wanted, which in a prince is of very great moment, and which I poſſeſſed in the higheſt degree, namely, the love of ſcience and arts. Under my care and protection they were carried in Greece to their utmoſt perfection. You ſunk them in Sweden, and were yourſelf as mere *a Goth* as the Alaricks and the Genſericks your predeceſſors. Ariſtotle, Apelles, and Lyſippus, were among the glories of my reign; your's was illuſtrated only by battles.—Upon the whole, though, from ſome reſemblance between us, I ſhould be

inclined to decide in your favour, yet I muſt give the preference in fame to your enemy Peter the Great. He *raiſed* his country, you *ruined* your's: he was a *legiſlator*, you were a *tyrant*.

DIALOGUE XXI.

Cardinal XIMENES.
Cardinal WOLSEY.

WOLSEY.

YOU ſeem to look on me, *Ximenes*, as if you imagined I was not your equal. Have you forgotten that I was the favourite and the firſt miniſter of a great king of England? that I was at once Lord High Chancellor, Biſhop of Durham, Biſhop of Wincheſter, Archbiſhop of York, and Cardinal Legate. On what other ſubject were ever accumulated ſo many dignities, ſuch honours, ſuch power!

XIMENES.

In order to prove yourſelf equal to me, you tell me *what you had*, and not *what you did*. But it is not the having great offices, it is the doing great things, that makes a great miniſter. I know that for ſome years you governed the mind of King Henry the Eighth with an abſolute ſway,

and conſequently his kingdom. Let me hear then what were *the acts of your reign.*

WOLSEY.

My *acts* were thoſe of a moſt ſkilful courtier and able politician. I managed a temper, which Nature had made the hardeſt to manage of any, perhaps, that ever exiſted, with ſo much addreſs, that all its paſſions were rendered entirely ſubſervient to my inclinations. In foreign affairs I diſpoſed of the friendſhip, or turned the arms of my maſter, to which ever ſide my own particular intereſts chanced to direct. It was not indeed with *him*, but with *me*, that treaties were made by the Emperor, or by France; and none were concluded that did not contain ſome article in my favour, beſides ſecret aſſurances of aiding my ambition or my reſentment, which were the true ſprings of the negociations. At home I brought the pride of the Engliſh nobility to humble itſelf, and bow to the ſon of a *butcher of Ipſwich.* And as my power was *royal*, my ſtate and magnificence were ſuitable to it. My buildings, my furniture, my houſehold, my equipage, my liberalities, and my charities, were all above the rank of a ſubject.

XIMENES.

From all you have ſaid, it appears that you gained great advantages *for yourſelf* in the courſe of your miniſtry, too great indeed for a good man to deſire, or a wiſe man to accept. But what did you do for *your Prince*, for *the ſtate?*—You make me no anſwer.—What I did is well known. I was not content with obliging the pride of the Spaniſh nobility to ſtoop to my power, but delivered *the people* from their oppreſſions *. In you they reſpected the royal authority; I made them reſpect *the majeſty of the laws*. I alſo relieved the Commons of Caſtile from a moſt grievous burthen, by an alteration in the method of collecting their taxes. After the death of Iſabella I preſerved the tranquillity of Arragon and Caſtile, by procuring the regency of the latter for Ferdinand, though he had not been my friend during the life of the Queen. And when I was raiſed myſelf to the regency after the deceaſe of that prince, by the eſteem and affection of the Caſtilians, I acted with courage, firmneſs, and prudence; with the moſt perfect diſintereſtedneſs in regard to myſelf, and

* Vide *Vie de Ximeſne*, par Marſolier.

with the moſt zealous concern for the public. I ſuppreſſed all the factions which threatened to diſturb the peace of that kingdom in the minority and the abſence of the young king; and ſtopped the diſcontents of the people of Caſtile, too juſtly incenſed againſt the Flemiſh miniſters, who governed their prince, and pillaged their country, from breaking out into open rebellion, as they did, moſt unhappily, after my death. Theſe were my *civil acts*: but to complete the renown of my adminiſtration, I added to it the palm of military glory. At my own charges, and acting myſelf at the head of an army, I conquered Oran from the Moors, and annexed it to the Spaniſh dominions.

WOLSEY.

My ſoul was as elevated and noble as your's; my underſtanding as ſtrong, and more refined: but the difference of our conduct aroſe from the difference of our objects. Your's was to raiſe your reputation, and ſecure your power in Caſtile, by making that kingdom as happy, as flouriſhing, and as great as you could. Mine was to procure *the triple crown* for myſelf by the aſſiſtance of my ſovereign and of

foreign powers. Each of us took the moſt proper means to attain his deſire.

XIMENES.

Can you confeſs ſuch a principle of your conduct without a bluſh? But you will at leaſt be aſhamed that you failed in your view, and was the dupe of the powers with whom you negotiated, after having diſhonoured your maſter, in order to ſerve your own ſelfiſh ambition. I accompliſhed my purpoſe with glory to my ſovereign, and advantage to my country. Beſides this difference, there was a great one in the methods by which we acquired our power. We both owed it indeed to the favour of princes; but I gained Iſabella's by the opinion ſhe had of my piety and integrity; you gained Henry's by a complaiſance and a courſe of life which were a reproach to your character and your order.

WOLSEY.

I did not, I confeſs, carry with me to Court the auſterity of a monk, as you did, *Ximenes;* nor if I had, could I have gained any influence there. Iſabella and Henry were different characters, and their favour was to be ſought in a different manner. By making myſelf agreeable to

my prince, I ſo governed his paſſions, that, while I lived, they did not produce thoſe dreadful effects that aroſe from them preſently after my death. He was like a fiery ſteed, which when rid by a ſkilful horſeman only foams and champs the bit; but if mounted by one who does not underſtand the management of him, breaks the curb that reſtrains him, leaps over all fences, and throws to the ground his ignorant rider.

XIMENES.

If Henry the Eighth had been king of Caſtile, I would not have been drawn by him out of my cloiſter. A man of virtue and ſpirit will never deſire to go into a court where he cannot riſe without baſeneſs.

WOLSEY.

The inflexibility of your mind had like to have ruined you in ſome of your meaſures; and the bigotry, which you had derived from your long abode in a cloiſter, and retained when a miniſter, was very near depriving Caſtile of its new-conquered realm of Granada, by the revolt of the Moors in that city, whom you forced prematurely to change their religion *. You

* Vide *Vie de Ximeſne*, par Marſolier.

muſt remember how angry King Ferdinand was with you on that account, and ſurely he had reaſon.

XIMENES.

I own he had. —My zeal for religion was too hot and ſevere.

WOLSEY.

The unjuſt and inhuman Court of Inquiſition, eſtabliſhed by you to watch over the faith of your converts at Granada, converts only in name, has ſince been the diſgrace and ruin of Spain. My worſt complaiſances to Henry the Eighth were far leſs hurtful to England than this juriſdiction, which you ſettled in it, has been to your country.

XIMENES.

I only revived an ancient tribunal, inſtituted firſt by one of our *ſaints* againſt the Albigenſes, and gave it greater powers. The miſchiefs attending it cannot be denied. But if any force may be uſed for the maintenance of religion, (and the Church of Rome has, you know, declared that it may), none could be ſo effectual to anſwer the purpoſe.

WOLSEY.

This is an argument rather againſt the opinion of the Church, than for the Inquiſition. I will only ſay, I think myſelf very happy that my adminiſtration was ſtained with no action of cruelty, not even cruelty ſanctified by the name of Religion. My temper, indeed, was much milder than your's. To the proud I was proud; but to my friends and inferiors I was benevolent, kind, and humane. Had I ſucceeded in the great object of my ambition, had I acquired the Popedom, I ſhould have governed the Church with much more moderation, and better ſenſe, than you would have done, if you had exchanged the See of Toledo for that of Rome. My good nature, my policy, my taſte for magnificence, my love of the fine arts, of wit, and of learning, would have made me the delight of all the Italians, and have given me a rank among the greateſt princes: whereas in you the ſour bigot and rigid monk would have prevailed over the ſtateſman and over the prince.

XIMENES.

What you or I ſhould have been in that

ſituation does not appear. But if you are compared to me as a Miniſter, you are vaſtly inferior. The only circumſtance in which you can juſtly pretend to any equality is the encouragement given by you to learning, and your munificence to promote it, which was indeed very great. Your colleges founded at Ipſwich and Oxford may vie with my univerſity at Alcala de Henara. But in our generoſity there was this difference: All my revenues were ſpent in well-placed liberalities, in acts of charity, piety, virtue; whereas a great part of your laviſh expences were laid out in luxury and vain oſtentation. With regard to all other points my ſuperiority is apparent. You were only a favourite; I was the friend and the father of the people: you ſerved the King, or rather yourſelf; I ſerved the State. The concluſion of our lives was alſo much more to my honour than your's. I died in diſgrace as well as you; but my diſgrace was brought upon me by a faction of foreigners, to whoſe power, as a good Spaniard, I would not ſubmit. A miniſter who falls a victim to ſuch an oppoſition riſes by his fall. It is the nobleſt end he can wiſh. Your's was not graced by any public cauſe,

any merit to the nation; your ſpirit, therefore, ſunk under it; you bore it with meanneſs. Mine was unbroken, ſuperior to my enemies, ſuperior to fortune; and I died as I had lived, with all the ſame dignity and greatneſs of mind.

DIALOGUE XXII.

LUCIAN. RABELAIS.

LUCIAN.

FRIEND *Rabelais!* well met.—Our ſouls are good company for one another. We both were great wits, and moſt audacious freethinkers. We laughed often at folly, and ſometimes at wiſdom. I was indeed more correct and more elegant in my ſtyle: but then, in return, you had a greater fertility of imagination. My *True Hiſtory* is much inferior in fancy and invention, in force of wit and keenneſs of ſatire, to your *Hiſtory of the Acts of Garagantua and Pantagruel.*

RABELAIS.

You do me great honour: but I really think that both thoſe books entitle their authors to a good place among memoir-writers, travellers, and even hiſtorians ancient and modern.

LUCIAN.

Doubtleſs they do. But will you allow

me to aſk you one queſtion. Why did you write ſuch abſolute *nonſenſe*, as you have in ſome places of your illuſtrious Work?

RABELAIS.

I was forced to compound my phyſic for the mind with a large doſe of nonſenſe to make it go down. In plain terms, if I had not ſo frequently put on the *fool's cap*, the freedoms I took with *cowls*, with *red hats*, and *the triple crown itſelf*, would have brought me into great danger. Not only my book, but I ſhould have been probably condemned to the flames. And martyrdom was an honour to which I muſt own I never aſpired. I therefore counterfeited folly, like Junius Brutus, from a wiſe principle of ſelf-preſervation. You, *Lucian*, had no need to uſe ſo much caution. Your heathen prieſts deſired only a ſacrifice now and then from an Epicurean, as a mark of *conformity*, and allowed him to make as free as he pleaſed, in converſation or writings, with the whole tribe of gods and goddeſſes, from Jupiter down to *the dog Anubis*, and the fragrant dame *Cloacina*.

LUCIAN.

Say rather our government allowed us

that liberty: for, I aſſure you, our prieſts were by no means pleaſed with it, at leaſt in my time.

RABELAIS.

They were great fools if they were: for, in ſpite of the conformity required by the laws, and enforced by the magiſtrate, that ridicule brought the ſyſtem of Pagan theology into contempt, not only with the the philoſophical part of mankind, but even with the vulgar.

LUCIAN.

It did ſo; and the ableſt defenders of Paganiſm were forced to give up the poetical fables, and *allegorize the whole.*

RABELAIS.

An excellent way of drawing ſenſe out of folly, and grave inſtructions from lewdneſs and vice! There is a great modern wit, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who, in his treatiſe, entitled, *The Wiſdom of the Ancients*, has done more for you that way than all your own prieſts!

LUCIAN.

He has indeed ſhown himſelf an admirable chymiſt, and made a fine tranſmu-

tation of folly into wiſdom. But all the latter Platoniſts took the ſame method of defending our faith, when it was attacked by the Chriſtians; and a judicious method it was. Our fables ſay, that, in one of their wars with the Titans, the gods were defeated, and forced to turn themſelves into *beaſts*, to eſcape from the conquerors. Juſt the reverſe happened here:——for, by this happy art, our *beaſtly divinities* were turned into rational beings again.

RABELAIS.

Give me a good commentator, with a ſubtile, refined, philoſophical head, and ſee whether he will not be able to draw *the moſt ſublime allegories*, and the moſt venerable *myſtical truths*, from my Hiſtory of the noble Garagantua and Pantagruel! I don't deſpair of being proved, to the entire ſatisfaction of ſome future age, to be the profoundeſt *divine* and *metaphyſician* that ever wrote.

LUCIAN.

I ſhall rejoice to ſee you advanced to that honour. But, in the mean time, I may take the liberty to conſider you as one of our claſs. There you ſit very high.

RABELAIS.

I am afraid there is another whom you would bid ſit above me, and a modern author too; I mean Dr Swift.

LUCIAN.

It was not neceſſary for him to throw *ſo much nonſenſe* into his *Hiſtory of Lemuel Gulliver*, as you did into that of your two famous heros; and his ſtyle is by far more pure and correct. His wit never deſcended (as your's often did) into the loweſt of taverns, nor wore the meaneſt garb of the vulgar. But whether there was not in your compoſitions more *fire*, and a more *comic ſpirit*, I will not determine.

RABELAIS.

If you will not determine it, even let it remain a point in diſpute, as I have left the great queſtion, *Whether Panurge ſhould marry or not?* For my own part, I can ſay nothing to it: I am no critic.——I would as ſoon undertake to meaſure the difference between the height and bulk of the Giant Garagantua and his Brobdignian Majeſty, as the difference of merit between my writings and Swift's. If any

man takes a fancy to like my book, let him freely enjoy the delight that it gives him, and drink to my memory in a bumper. If another likes *Gulliver*, let him toaſt Dr Swift. Were I upon earth, I would pledge him in a bumper, that is, *ſuppoſing the wine to be good.* If a third likes neither of us, let him ſilently paſs the bottle, and be quiet.

LUCIAN.

But what if he will not be quiet? A critic is an unquiet creature.

RABELAIS.

Why then he will diſturb himſelf, but not me.

LUCIAN.

You are a greater philoſopher ſtill than I thought you! I knew very well you paid no reſpect to popes, or to kings; but to pay none to critics is a magnanimity in an author beyond all example.

RABELAIS.

My life was a farce; my death was a farce; and would you have me make my book a ſerious affair? As for you, though, in general, you are but a joker, yet ſome-

times you muſt be ranked among the grave authors. You have writ ſage diſſertations on hiſtory, and other grave matters. The critics have therefore a right to maul you; they find you in their province. But if they dare to come into mine, I will order Garagantua to ſwallow them up, as he did the ſix pilgrims, in his next ſallad *.

LUCIAN.

Have I not heard that you wrote a very good ſerious book on the Aphoriſms of Hippocrates?

RABELAIS.

Upon my faith I had forgot it. I am ſo uſed to my *fool's coat* that I don't know myſelf in my grave *doctor's gown*. But you ſay very truly; that book was indeed a good ſerious work, yet nobody reads it; and if I had writ nothing elſe, I ſhould have been reckoned at beſt *a lacquey to Hippocrates*; whereas the hiſtorian of *Friar John* and *Panurge* is *an eminent writer*. Good ſenſe is like a diſh of plain beef or mutton, proper only for peaſants; but *a ragout of folly*, well dreſſed with a *ſharp ſauce of wit*, is fit to be ſerved at an emperor's table.

* See Rabelais, l. 1. c. 38.

LUCIAN.

You are a rare pleaſant fellow! Let me embrace you.——How Apollo and the Muſes may rank you on Parnaſſus I am not very ſure: but if I were Maſter of the ceremonies on Mount Olympus, you ſhould be placed on the right hand of Momus.

RABELAIS.

I wiſh you were,—but I fear the inhabitants of thoſe ſublime regions will like your company no better than mine. Indeed how Momus himſelf could get thither I cannot comprehend! It has been uſual, I own, in our courts upon earth, to have a privileged jeſter, called *the King's Fool*; but in the court of heaven one ſhould not have ſuppoſed ſuch an officer as *Jupiter's Fool*. Your allegorical theology *there* was a little abſurd.

LUCIAN.

I think our prieſts admitted Momus into our heaven, as the Indians worſhip the devil, through fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him.—For, we may talk of the *giants* as much as we pleaſe; but to our *gods* there is no enemy ſo dreadful as he.

Ridicule is the ſcourge of all *falſe religion*; nothing but *truth* can ſtand its attacks.

RABELAIS.

Truth, when ſhe is ſet in a good and fair light, can ſtand its attacks: but they are often ſo teaſing and ſo fallacious, that I have ſeen them put her ladyſhip very much out of humour.

LUCIAN.

Ay; and ſometimes out of countenance too; but *Truth* and *Wit* joined will ſtrike Momus dumb. When they are in alliance they are invincible; and ſuch an alliance is neceſſary upon certain occaſions. *Falſe reaſoning* is beſt expoſed by *plain ſenſe;* but *wit* is the beſt opponent to *falſe ridicule*, as *juſt ridicule* is to all the *abſurdities* which dare to aſſume the venerable names of *Philoſophy* or *Religion*. Had we always made ſuch a uſe of our talents; had we employed our ridicule to ſtrip the fooliſh faces of ſuperſtition, fanaticiſm, and dogmatical pride, of the ſerious and ſolemn maſks with which they are covered; at the ſame time exerting our wit to combat the flippancy and pertneſs of thoſe who argue only by jeſts againſt reaſon and evidence, in points

of the higheſt and moſt ſerious concern, we ſhould have much better deſerved the eſteem of mankind, and ſhould have reflected *here* on our writings with much more ſatisfaction than we can now, whatever outward gaiety we may affect.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

PERICLES.
COSMO DE MEDICIS, *the Firſt of that Name.*

PERICLES.

IN what I have heard of your character and your fortune, illuſtrious *Coſmo*, I find a great reſemblance with mine. We both lived in Republics where the chief power was in the people; and, without any force, by mere civil arts, but more eſpecially by our eloquence, attained to ſuch a degree of authority, that we ruled thoſe tumultuous and ſtormy democracies with an abſolute ſway, turned the tempeſts which agitated them upon our enemies, and after having long and proſperouſly conducted the greateſt affairs, in war and in peace, died revered and lamented by all our fellow-citizens *.

COSMO.

We both indeed have an equal right to

* See Plutarch's *Life of Pericles*, and Thucydides, l. 2. See alſo Machiavel's *Hiſtory of Florence*, from the fourteenth Book to the eighteenth.

value ourſelves on *that nobleſt of empires*, the empire we gained over the *minds* of our countrymen.——*Force* or *caprice* may give *power*, but nothing can give *a laſting authority*, except *Wiſdom and Virtue*. By theſe we obtained, by theſe we preſerved, in our ſeveral countries, a dominion unſtained by uſurpation or blood, a dominion conferred on us by the public eſteem and the public affection. We were in reality ſovereigns, while we lived with the ſimplicity of private men; and Athens and Florence ſeemed to be free, though they obeyed all our dictates. This is more than was done by Philip of Macedon, or Sylla, or Cæſar. It is the perfection of policy to tame the fierce ſpirit of popular liberty, not by blows or by chains, but by ſoothing it into a willing obedience, and making it lick the hand that reſtrains it.

PERICLES.

The taſk can never be eaſy: but it was ſtill harder to me than to you. For I had a lion to tame, from whoſe fury the greateſt men of my country, and of the whole world, could not ſave themſelves, after having performed the moſt glorious exploits. Miltiades, Themiſtocles, Ari-

ſtides, were examples of terror to me, that might well have deterred me from the adminiſtration of public affairs. Another difficulty in my way was the power of Cimon, who, for his goodneſs, his liberality, and the luſture of his great victories over the Perſians, was much beloved by the people; and, at the ſame time, by his being thought to favour ariſtocracy, had all the noble and rich citizens attached to his party. Yet, by the charms and force of my eloquence, which exceeded that of all orators contemporary with me; by the integrity of my life, my moderation, and my prudence, but, above all, by my influence over the people, whoſe power I increaſed, and made it the baſis and ſupport of my own, I gained ſuch an aſcendant over all my opponents, that, having firſt procured the baniſhment of Cimon by *oſtraciſm*, and then of Thucydides, another formidable antagoniſt, ſet up by the nobles againſt my authority, I became the unrivalled chief, or rather the *monarch*, of the Athenian State, without ever putting to death, in above forty years that my adminiſtration continued, one of my fellow-citizens; a circumſtance which I declared, when I lay on my death-bed, to be, in my own judgment, more honourable to me

than all my proſperity in the government, or the nine trophies which I had erected for ſo many victories which I had won.

COSMO.

I had the ſame happineſs to boaſt of at my death. Some additions were alſo made to the territories of Florence under my government; but I myſelf was no ſoldier, and our Republic was not in any degree either ſo warlike or potent as Athens. I muſt therefore entirely yield you the palm of military glory: and I will likewiſe acknowledge, that to govern a people whoſe ſpirit and pride were exalted by the victories of Marathon, Mycalé, Salamis, and Platæa, was more difficult than to rule the Florentines and the Tuſcans. The liberty of the Athenians was in your time more imperious, more haughty, more inſolent, than the deſpotiſm of the king of Perſia. How great then muſt have been your ability and addreſs, that could ſo reduce it under your power! Yet the temper of my countrymen was not eaſy to govern; for it was exceedingly factious and prone to ſedition. The hiſtory of Florence is little elſe, for ſeveral years, than a hiſtory of conſpiracies and civil wars. In my youth I myſelf ſuffered much by the diſſentions

that embroiled the Republic. I was impriſoned and baniſhed; but after ſome years was brought back in triumph! My enemies, in their turn, were driven into exile; and from that time till my death, which was above thirty years, I governed the State, not by arms, or evil arts of tyrannical power, but with a legal authority; which I exerciſed ſo, as to gain the eſteem of all the neighbouring princes or commonwealths, and ſuch a conſtant affection of all my fellow-citizens, that an inſcription, which gave me the title of *Father of my Country*, was engraved on my monument by a decree of the whole Commonwealth.

PERICLES.

Your end, in ſome reſpects, was more happy than mine. For you died rather of age than a violent illneſs, and left the Florentines in a ſtate of peace and proſperity procured by your counſels; but I died of the plague, after having ſeen it almoſt depopulate Athens, and left my country engaged in a dangerous war, to which my advice had excited the people. The miſfortune of the peſtilence, with the inconveniencies they endured on account of the war, ſo irritated their minds, that not long

before my death they condemned me to a fine; yet they ſoon afterwards choſe me their general, and conferred on me again the entire direction of all their affairs. Had I lived, I ſhould have ſo conducted the war, as to have ended it with advantage and honour to Athens. For, having ſecured to her the ſovereignty of the ſea, by the defeat of the Samians, before I let her engage with the power of Sparta, I knew that our enemies would be at length wearied out and compelled to a peace. becauſe the city being too ſtrong for them to beſiege with ſuch an army within it, and drawing continual ſupplies from the ſea, ſuffered not much by their ravages of the country about it, from whence I had before removed all the inhabitants; whereas their allies were undone by the deſcents we made on their coaſts.

COSMO.

You ſeem to have underſtood beyond all other men what advantages are to be drawn from a *maritime power*, and how to make it the ſureſt foundation of *empire*.

PERICLES.

I followed the plan traced out by Themiſtocles, the ableſt politician that Greece

had produced. Nor did I begin the Peloponneſian war (as ſome have ſuppoſed) only to make myſelf neceſſary, and ſtop an inquiry into my accounts *. I really thought that Athens could not defer any longer her conteſt with Sparta, without giving up to that ſtate the precedence in the direction of Greece, and her own independence. To delay even a neceſſary war with a view of making it afterwards more advantageouſly, is a moſt prudent act; but not to make it, when you perceive that you will be weakened, and your enemy ſtrengthened, by the delay, is the higheſt imprudence. With regard to my accounts I had nothing to fear. I had not embezzled one *drachma* of public money, nor added one to my own paternal eſtate; and the people had ſhown ſuch a confidence in me, that they had allowed me to diſpoſe of large ſums for *ſecret ſervice* without account †. When, therefore, I adviſed the Peloponneſian war, I neither acted from private views, nor with the temerity of a reſtleſs ambition, but as became a wiſe ſtateſman, who, having weighed all the dangers that may attend a great enterpriſe, and ſeeing a rational

* See Thucydides, l. 2.

† See Plutarch in the *Life of Pericles*, and Diodorus Siculus.

hope of ſucceſs, chuſes to fight for dominion and glory, inſtead of loſing both for the ſake of an inſecure peace *.

COSMO.

How were you ſure of being able to keep ſo lively a people to ſo ſteady and patient a ſyſtem of conduct as you had laid down? A ſyſtem attended with much inconvenience and loſs to particulars, while it offered but little to ſtrike or inflame the imagination of the public. Arduous enterpriſes, a vigorous war, and a ſpeedy deciſion, are what the multitude always deſire; but your plan was the very reverſe of all this; and the execution of it required the temper of the Thebans rather than of the Athenians.

PERICLES.

I found indeed many ſymptoms of their impatience; but I was able to check and reſtrain it by the authority I had acquired over their minds. For I never had ſtooped to court their affection by any baſe means; never flattered them in their follies, nor complied with their paſſions againſt their true intereſts and my own judgment; but

* Thucydides, l. 2.

uſed the power of my eloquence to keep them in the bounds of a wiſe moderation; to raiſe their ſpirits when they were too low, and ſhow them their danger when they grew too preſumptuous, the good effects of which conduct they had experienced in all their affairs; whereas *thoſe* who ſucceeded to me in the government, by their incapacity, their corruption, and their ſervile complaiſance to the humour of the people, loſt all the fruits of my virtue and prudence. Xerxes himſelf did not ſuffer more by the flattery of his courtiers, than the Athenians did by the flattery of their orators after my death.

COSMO.

Thoſe orators could not gain the favour of the people by any other methods. Your arts were more noble; they were the arts of a ſtateſman and of a prince. Your magnificent buildings, which in beauty of architecture ſurpaſſed any the world had ever beheld, the ſtatues of Phidias, the paintings of Zeuxis, the protection you gave to knowledge and genius of every kind, added as much to the glory of Athens as to your popularity. And in this I may boaſt of any equal merit to Florence: for I embelliſhed that city and the country

about it with excellent buildings: I protected all arts; and though I was not myself ſo learned as you, I paid as much honour as you did to *thoſe* who were eminent for their learning *. Marſilius Ficinus, *the ſecond father of the Platonic philoſophy*, lived in my houſe, and converſed with me as intimately as Anaxagoras did with you. Nor did I ever forget and ſuffer him ſo to want the neceſſaries of life, as you did Anaxagoras, who had liked to have periſhed by that neglect †; but to ſecure him from any diſtreſs in his circumſtances, and enable him to purſue his ſublime ſpeculations undiſturbed by low cares, I gave him an eſtate adjacent to one of my favourite villas. I alſo drew to Florence Argiropolo, the moſt learned Greek of thoſe times, that under my patronage he might inſtruct the Florentine youth in the languages and ſciences of his country. But with regard to our buildings there is this difference; your's were all raiſed at the expence of the public, mine at my own.

PERICLES.

My eſtate would not bear a laviſh pro-

* See Machiavel's *Hiſtory of Florence*, l. 7.
† See Plutarch's *Life of Pericles*.

ſuſeneſs, nor allow me to exert the generoſity of my nature. It was ſo ſmall, that I was obliged to obſerve a very ſtrict and frugal economy, in order to ſupport the neceſſary charges of my ſmall houſehold; whereas your wealth exceeded that of any particular, or indeed any prince, who lived in your days. The commerce which you carried on in all parts of the world, even while you were placed at the helm of the State, enabled you to do thoſe liberal acts which rendered your name ſo illuſtrious, and endeared you ſo much to the people of Florence. For my part, I was forced to make the public treaſure the fund of my bounties, and I thought I could not diſpoſe of it better in time of peace than in employing that part of the people, which muſt elſe have been idle and uſeleſs to the community, in introducing into Greece all the elegant arts, and adorning my country with works that do honour to human nature *. For, while I attended the moſt to theſe civil and peaceful occupations, I did not neglect to provide againſt war, nor ſuffer the nation to ſink into luxury and effeminate ſoftneſs. I kept our

* See Plutarch in the *Life of Pericles*, and Thucydides, l. 2.

fleets in continual exercise, maintained a great number of seamen in pay, and disciplined well our land forces. Nor did I ever cease, both by precepts and by example, to recommend to the Athenians frugality, temperance, magnanimity, fortitude, and whatever could most contribute to strengthen their bodies and minds.

COSMO.

Yet I have heard you condemned for rendering the people less sober and modest, by giving them part of the conquered lands, and paying them wages for their attendance on the public assemblies, and other civil functions to which they were bound; besides the vast expence to the State in the theatrical spectacles with which you entertained them at the cost of the public.

PERICLES.

Perhaps I might be too lavish in those bounties to them.——Yet in a popular State it is necessary that the people should be amused, and should so far partake of the wealth of the public as not to suffer any want, which would render their minds too low and too sordid for their political duties. In my time the revenues of the State were sufficient to bear this expence:

but afterwards, when we had loſt the greateſt part of our empire, it became, I muſt own, too heavy a burthen; and the continuance of it proved one cauſe of our ruin.

COSMO.

It is a moſt dangerous thing to load the State with largeſſes of that nature, or indeed with any unneceſſary but *popular* charges; becauſe to reduce them is almoſt impoſſible. though the circumſtances of the public ſhould ever ſo ſtrongly demand a reduction. But did not you likewiſe, in order to advance your own greatneſs, throw into the hands of the people more power than the inſtitutions of Solon had intruſted them with, and more than conduced to the good of the State?

PERICLES.

We are now in the regions where Truth preſides, and I dare not offend her by playing *the orator* in defence of my conduct. It is too true, that by weakening the power of *the court of Areopagus*, I tore up *that anchor* which Solon had fixed to keep his Republic ſtedfaſt and firm againſt the ſtorms of popular factions *. This alteration,

* See Plutarch in the *Lives of Solon*, and *of Pericles*.

which fundamentally hurt the whole State, I made to ſerve my own views of ambition, the only paſſion in my nature which I could not contain within the limits of virtue. For, by diminiſhing the counterpoiſe that our conſtitution had ſettled to check the exceſs of popular power, I augmented my own; becauſe I knew that my eloquence would ſubject the people to me, and make them the inſtruments of all my deſires; whereas the Areopagus had an authority and a dignity in it which I could not controul. Since my death I have been often ſeverely reproached by the ſhades of ſome of the beſt and wiſeſt Athenians, who, in conſequence of this change that I made in their government, have fallen victims to the caprice or rage of the people, with having been the firſt cauſe of the injuſtice they ſuffered, and of all the miſchiefs that were perpetually brought on my country, by raſh undertakings, bad conduct, and fluctuating councils. They ſay I delivered up the State to the power of indiſcreet or venal orators, and to the paſſions of a miſguided, infatuated multitude, who thought their freedom conſiſted in encouraging calumnies againſt the beſt ſervants of the Republic, and conferring power on thoſe who had no other merit than falling

in with and ſoothing a popular folly. In vain do I plead, that during my life none of theſe miſchiefs happened; that I employed my rhetoric to promote none but good and wiſe meaſures; that I was as free from any taint of avarice or corruption as Ariſtides himſelf *. They reply, that when I took off from the power of the people that neceſſary curb which our wiſe lawgiver had placed, or at leaſt had confirmed, in the court of the Areopagus, I became anſwerable to my country for all the great evils which were brought upon it for want of ſuch a ſalutary reſtraint. Socrates calls me the *Patron of Anytus*; and Solon himſelf frowns upon me whenever we meet.

COSMO.

He has reaſon to do ſo.—For what would you think of the architect you employed in your buildings at Athens, if he had made them to laſt only during your life? Certainly the beſt citizen in a free country is not he who is ſatisfied with governing wiſely for his own time, but he who leaves the government in ſuch a ſtate that no others ſhall have the power of abuſing their truſt, and hurting the Republic.

* See Thucydides, l. 2.

PERICLES.

I agree to your maxim: but I fear it will turn to your own condemnation. Your exceſſive liberalities to the indigent citizens, and the great ſums you lent to all the noble families, did in reality *buy* the Republic of Florence, and gave your family ſuch a power as enabled them to convert it from a popular State into an abſolute Government *.

COSMO.

The Florentines were ſo infected with diſcord and faction, and their Commonwealth was ſo void of *military virtue*, that they would not have long been exempt from ſubjection to ſome *foreign power*, if thoſe internal diſſentions, with the confuſion and anarchy they cauſed, had continued †. I and my family have preſerved them for more than two centuries an independent State, during which they have enjoyed a moſt happy tranquillity, adorned with the luſtre of every ſcience and every art. But the Athenians had done very glorious exploits, had obtained a great empire, and

* See Machiavel's *Hiſtory of Florence*, l. 7.
† See Machiavel's *Hiſtory of Florence*.

were one of the nobleſt ſtates in the world, before you altered their conſtitution; and after that change they declined very faſt, till they loſt all their greatneſs.

PERICLES.

Their conſtitution had from the firſt a foul blemiſh in it, I mean *the ban of oſtraciſm*, which alone was ſufficient to undo any ſtate. For there is nothing of ſuch important uſe to a nation, as that men who excel in wiſdom and virtue ſhould be encouraged to undertake the buſineſs of government. But this deteſtable cuſtom deterred ſuch men from ſerving the public, or, if they ventured to do ſo, turned even their wiſdom and virtue againſt them; ſo that in Athens it was ſafer to be *infamous* than *renowned*. We are told, indeed, by the advocates for this ſtrange inſtitution, that it was not *a puniſhment*, but only *a guard to the liberty of the State:* as if words could change the nature of things, and make a baniſhment of ten years inflicted on a man by the ſuffrages of his countrymen no evil to him, or no offence againſt juſtice, and the natural right every freeman may claim, that he ſhall not be driven from any ſociety of which he is a member

without being proved guilty of ſome criminal action.

COSMO.

The oſtraciſm was indeed a moſt grievous fault in the Athenian conſtitution. It placed *Envy in the ſeat of Juſtice*, and gave men *a legal right to do wrong*. Other nations are blamed for *tolerating vice*; but the Athenians alone would not *tolerate virtue*. No ſtate is well modelled which cannot preſerve the liberty it enjoys without a violation of natural juſtice? nor would a friend to *true freedom*, which conſiſts in being governed not by *men*, but by *laws*, wiſh to live in a country where a Cleon bore rule, and where an Ariſtides could not be endured. But inſtead of curing this evil you made it worſe. You rendered the people ſtill more intractable, more adverſe to virtue, leſs ſubject to the laws, and more to impreſſions from miſchievous demagogues, than they had been before your time.

PERICLES.

I did ſo;—and therefore my place in Elyſium, notwithſtanding the integrity which I preſerved in my whole public conduct, and the great virtues which I exert-

ed, is much below that of *thoſe* who have governed republics, or limited monarchies, not merely with a concern for their *preſent advantage*, but with a prudent regard to that *balance of power* on which their *permament happineſs* always depends.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

LOCKE. BAYLE.

BAYLE.

YES; we both were philoſophers; but my philoſophy was the deepeſt. You *dogmatized*, and I *doubted*.

LOCKE.

Do you make *doubting* a proof of *depth* in philoſophy? It may be a good beginning of it, but it is a bad end.

BAYLE.

No:—the more profound our ſearches are into the nature and reaſon of things, the more uncertainty we ſhall find; and the moſt ſubtile minds ſee objections and difficulties in every ſyſtem, which are overlooked or undiſcoverable by ordinary underſtandings.

LOCKE.

It would be better then to be no philoſopher, and to keep in the vulgar herd of

mankind, *that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows ſomething.* I find that the eyes which Nature has given me ſee many things very clearly, though ſome are out of the reach of their ſight. What ſhould I think of a phyſician who ſhould propoſe to me an eye-water that would at firſt ſo ſharpen their ſight as to carry it farther than ordinary viſion, but would in the end put them out, and make me quite blind? Would it not be wiſdom in me either never to uſe his receipt, or to ſtop before it had had its full operation? Your philoſophy, Monſieur *Bayle*, is to the eyes of the mind what I have ſuppoſed the Doctor's *noſtrum* to be to thoſe of the body; it actually brought your fine underſtanding, which was by Nature very quick-ſighted, and rendered more ſo by art and a ſubtilty of logic peculiar to yourſelf, it brought, I ſay, your fine underſtanding to ſee nothing clearly, and enveloped all the great truths of reaſon and religion in miſts of doubt.

BAYLE.

I own it did;—but your compariſon, Sir, is not juſt. I did not ſee well before I uſed my philoſophic eye-water: I only *ſuppoſed* I ſaw well; but I was in an error

with the reſt of mankind. The blindneſs was real, the perceptions were imaginary. I cured myſelf firſt of thoſe falſe imaginations, and then I endeavoured to cure other men.

LOCKE.

A great cure indeed! And don't you think that they ought to erect you a ſtatue for the ſervice you did them?

BAYLE.

Yes; it is good for human nature to know its own weakneſs. When we preſume on a ſtrength we have not, we are in great danger of hurting ourſelves, or at leaſt of deſerving ridicule and contempt by vain and idle efforts.

LOCKE.

I agree with you; human nature ſhould know its own weakneſs; but it ſhould alſo feel its own ſtrength, and try to improve it. This was my buſineſs as a philoſopher. I endeavoured to diſcover the powers of the mind, to ſee what it could do, and what it could not; to reſtrain it from efforts beyond its ability, but to teach it how to advance as far as its natural powers could go. In the vaſt ocean

of philoſophy I ſailed with the line and plummet always in my hands. Rocks and quickſands I frequently met in my way; but the care I took in ſounding made me eſcape them. I brought home ſome truths of uſe to mankind, and they eſteem me their benefactor.

BAYLE.

Their ignorance makes them think ſo. Some other philoſopher will come hereafter and ſhow thoſe truths to be falſehoods. He will pretend to diſcover other truths of equal importance. Some other will come and diſcredit him too. In philoſophy, as in nature, all changes its form, and one thing exiſts by the deſtruction of another.

LOCKE.

Opinions taken up without a patient inveſtigation, depending on terms not clearly defined, and principles begged or aſſumed without proof, like theories to explain the phenomena of Nature, built on ſuppoſitions inſtead of experiments, muſt perpetually change and deſtroy one another. But ſome opinions there are, ſo founded in truth and probable evidence, which the mind has received on ſuch rational grounds of aſſent,

that they are as immoveable as the pillars of heaven, or (to ſpeak philoſophically) as the great laws of Nature, by which under GOD the univerſe is ſuſtained. Do you think, Monſieur *Bayle*, that becauſe the hypotheſis of Deſcartes your countryman, which was nothing but an ingenious, well-imagined romance, has been lately exploded, the ſyſtem of Newton, which is built on experiments and geometry, the two ſureſt methods of diſcovering truth, will ever fail? or that, becauſe the whims of fanatics and the divinity of the ſchoolmen cannot be ſupported, the doctrines of that religion which I, the declared enemy of all enthuſiaſm and falſe reaſoning, believed and maintained, will ever be ſhaken?

BAYLE.

If you had aſked Deſcartes, while he was in the height of his vogue, whether his ſyſtem would be ever confuted by any other philoſophers, as that of Ariſtotle had been by his, what anſwer do you think he would have returned?

LOCKE.

Come, come, Monſieur *Bayle*, you yourſelf know the difference between the foundation on which the credit of thoſe ſyſtems

is placed. Your ſkepticiſm is more affected than real. You found it a ſhorter way to a great reputation, (the only paſſion of your heart), to *object* than *defend*, to *pull down* than *ſet up*. Your talents were admirable for that kind of work. No man had ever ſo artful a method of turning to the eye the dark ſide of a queſtion, and hiding that part on which the light of evidence ſhone. Then your way of huddling together, in a Critical Dictionary, a pleaſant tale, or an obſcene jeſt, and an argument againſt the Chriſtian religion; a witty confutation of ſome abſurd author, and an artful ſophiſm to impeach ſome reſpectable truth, was extremely commodious to all our young ſmarts and ſmatterers in free-thinking. Thus has your fame been widely diffuſed. But what miſchief have you not done to human ſociety? You have endeavoured, and with ſome degree of ſucceſs, to ſhake thoſe foundations on which the whole moral world, and the great fabric of ſocial happineſs, entirely reſts. How could you anſwer for this to your conſcience, even ſuppoſing that in your mind you had any doubts of the truth of a ſyſtem which gives to virtue its ſweeteſt hopes, to impenitent vice its greateſt fears, and to true penitence its beſt conſolations?

which checks even the leaſt approaches to guilt, and yet makes thoſe allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the Stoic pride denied to it, but which the imperfection of it requires?

BAYLE.

The mind is *free*; and it loves to exert its own *freedom*. Any reſtraint upon it is a violence done to its nature, and a tyranny againſt which it has a right to rebel.

LOCKE.

The mind has a *governor* within itſelf, which may and ought to limit its *freedom*. That *governor* is its reaſon.

BAYLE.

Yes:—but reaſon, like other governors, has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice than any fixed laws: and if the reaſon that governs my mind or your's has once ſet up *a favourite notion*, it not only delights to bend to it itſelf, but to make others reſpect it as much.—It alſo takes a great pleaſure to ſhow its own power, by demoliſhing notions ſet up by others, and generally reſpected.

LOCKE.

I believe, indeed, that a love for this power you ſpeak of is a great motive to the publication of moſt of our ſkeptical books. And Nero, I ſuppoſe, might *take a great pleaſure* in burning Rome. It was an action by which *he ſhowed his own power:* but we are reaſoning now of *right*, not of *power*.

BAYLE.

A man may act indiſcreetly, but he cannot do wrong by ſaying that which he thinks to be true.

LOCKE.

An enthuſiaſt, who advances doctrines prejudicial to ſociety, or oppoſes thoſe that are uſeful to it, has the ſtrength of opinion and the heat of a diſturbed imagination to plead in excuſe of his fault: but your cool head and clear judgment have no ſuch excuſe. I know very well there are paſſages in your Work, and thoſe not a few, in which you talk like a *moraliſt*. I have heard, too, you lived like one, exempt from all vice. But when, in other parts of your Works, you ſap the foundations of all moral duties, what does it ſignify that you talk of them well? How few will regard either your ge-

neral precepts or your example? How many, who have ſtronger paſſions than you had, and are glad to get rid of the curb that reſtrains them, will avail themſelves of your ſkepticiſm, to ſet themſelves looſe from all obligations of virtue and religion? —Unhappy man, to have made ſuch a uſe of ſuch parts! It would have been better for you and mankind if you had been the dulleſt of Dutchmen, or the moſt credulous monk in a Portugueſe convent. The riches of the mind may, like thoſe of fortune, be uſed ſo ill, as to become a nuiſance and peſt to ſociety inſtead of an ornament and a ſupport.

BAYLE.

You are very ſevere upon me.—But do you count it no merit, no good to ſociety, to have done ſo much as I did to deliver mankind from the frauds and fetters of prieſtcraft, from the deliriums of fanaticiſm, and from the terrors and follies of ſuperſtition? What miſchief has falſe religion done in the world! Even in the laſt age what maſſacres, what civil wars, what convulſions of government, what confuſion in ſociety, did it produce? Nay, in that which I lived in, though much more enlightened, did I not ſee it occaſion a violent

perſecution in France, and drive the beſt ſubjects out of that kingdom? No wonder, then, if I was provoked to ſtrike at the root of theſe evils.

LOCKE.

The root of theſe evils was *falſe religion*; but you ſtruck at *the true*. Heaven and hell are not more different than the ſyſtem of faith which I have defended, and that which produced the horrors you mention. Why would you confound and ſo blend them together in ſome of your Writings, that it requires much more attention and judgment than moſt readers have to ſeparate them again, and be able to make the proper diſtinctions? This is the great art which your example has taught our modern free-thinkers. They recommend themſelves to warm and ingenious minds by lively ſtrokes of reaſon and wit againſt prieſtcraft, ſuperſtition, fanaticiſm, enthuſiaſm; but at the ſame time they inſidiouſly throw the colours of theſe upon the fair face of true Religion, and dreſs her out in their garb, with an intention to render her odious to thoſe who have not penetration enough to diſcover the cheat. Yet it is certain no book that ever was writ by the moſt acute of theſe gentlemen is ſo

repugnant to prieſtcraft, to ſpiritual tyranny, to all weak ſuperſtitions of every kind, to all that can tend to diſturb or to prejudice human ſociety, as *that* which they ſo much affect to deſpiſe.

BAYLE.

If I have been faulty in going too far, yet this let me ſay in excuſe of that fault; Mankind is ſo made, that when they have been *overheated*, they cannot be brought to a proper temper again till they have been *overcooled*. My ſkepticiſm might be neceſſary to cure the *fever* and *frenzy* of falſe religion.

LOCKE.

A wiſe preſcription indeed, to bring on a *paralytical* ſtate of the mind (for ſuch a ſkepticiſm as your's is a *palſy*, which deprives the mind of all vigour, and deadens its natural and vital powers) in order to take off a *fever*, which *temperance* and *the milk of the evangelical doctrines* would probably cure?

BAYLE.

I acknowledge thoſe medicines have a great power: but few doctors care to apply them unmixed with ſome harſher drugs

or ſome unſafe and ridiculous *noſtrums* of their own.

LOCKE.

What you ſay now is too true.—GOD has given us a moſt excellent phyſic for the ſoul in all its diſeaſes; but bad and intereſted phyſicians, or ignorant and conceited quacks, adminiſter it ſo ill to the reſt of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is loſt.

DIALOGUE XXV.

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of* Douglas, *Duke of* Touraine.

JOHN, *Duke of* Argyle *and* Greenwich, *Field Marſhal of His Britannic Majeſty's Forces.*

ARGYLE.

YES, noble *Douglas*, it grieves me to think that you, and your ſon, with the brave Earl of Buchan, ſhould have employed ſo much valour, and loſt your lives in fighting the battles of that foreign ſtate, which, from its ſituation and intereſts, is the moſt dangerous enemy to great Britain *. A Britiſh nobleman ſerving France appears to me as unfortunate, and as much out of his proper ſphere, as a Grecian commander engaged in the ſervice of Perſia would have appeared to Miltiades or Ageſilaus.

* See Buchan. *Rerum Scoticarum. l.* 10. *p.* 338. *A. D.* 1424.

DOUGLAS.

In ſerving France I ſerved Scotland. The French was the *natural allies* to the Scotch, and by ſupporting their crown I enabled my countrymen to keep themſelves independent on England.

ARGYLE.

The French were indeed our *ancient allies*, from the unhappy ſtate of our country; but that they were our *natural allies* I deny. Their alliance was proper and neceſſary for us, becauſe we were then in an *unnatural* ſtate, *diſunited from England*. While that *diſunion* continued, we were compelled to lean upon France for ſupport and aſſiſtance. The French power and policy kept us indeed independent on the Engliſh, but dependent on *them*; and that dependence expoſes us to ſuffer many great and grievous calamities, by drawing on us the arms of the Engliſh whenever the French and they had a quarrel. Our ſuccours were diſtant and often uncertain, our enemy was at hand, ſuperior in ſtrength, though not ſo in valour; our country was ravaged, our kings were ſlain, or led captive. We loſt all the advantage of our being the inhabitants of a great

iſland; we had no commerce, no peace, no ſecurity, no degree of maritime power. Scotland was a back-door, through which the French, with our help, made their inroads into England: if they conquered, we reaped little benefit from it; but if they were beaten, we were the victims on which the Engliſh ſeverely wreaked their reſentment.

DOUGLAS.

The Engliſh ſuffered as much as we in thoſe wars. How terribly were their borders laid waſte and depopulated by our incurſions? How often were the ſwords of my anceſtors ſtained with the beſt Engliſh blood? Were not our victories at Bannockburn and at Otterburn as glorious as any that nation has ever obtained over us?

ARGYLE.

They were: but they did us no laſting good. They left us ſtill dependent on France for aid and protection: they left us a poor, a weak, a diſtreſſed, though a moſt valiant nation. They irritated England, but could not ſubdue it, nor hinder our feeling ſuch effects of its enmity as gave us no cauſe to rejoice in our triumphs. —How much more happily was *my ſword*

employed in humbling the foe of Great Britain and Europe! With how ſuperior a dignity did I appear in the combined Britiſh Senate, maintaining the intereſts of the whole united people of England and Scotland againſt all foreign powers who attempted to diſturb our general happineſs, or to invade our common rights!

DOUGLAS.

Your eloquence and your valour had indeed a much nobler and more ſpacious field to exert themſelves in than any of thoſe whoſe courage and talents were employed in defending the rights or the intereſts of Scotland alone, divided from England.

ARGYLE.

Whenever I read an account of the wars between the Scotch and the Engliſh, I think I am reading a melancholy hiſtory of *civil diſſentions*. Which ever ſide is defeated, their loſs appears to me a loſs to *the whole*, and an advantage to ſome foreign enemy of Great Britain. But the ſtrength of that iſland is made by the Union complete and ſuperior to all other powers. What a great Engliſh poet has ſaid *in one inſtance*, is now true *in all*:

" The *Hotſpur* and the *Douglas* both together
" Are confident againſt the world in arms *."

Who can reſiſt the Engliſh and Scotch valour combined? When ſeparated and oppoſed they balanced each other; united, they hold the balance of Europe. If all the Scotch blood that has been ſhed for the French in wars againſt England had been poured out to oppoſe their ambition; if all the Engliſh blood that has been ſpilt in wars againſt Scotland had been preſerved, France would have long ago been rendered incapable of diſturbing our peace, and Great Britain would have been *the firſt nation in Europe.*

DOUGLAS.

There is much truth in all you have ſaid.——But yet, when I reflect on the inſidious ambition of Edward the Firſt, on the ungenerous arts he employed to acquire the ſovereignty of our kingdom, and his horrid cruelty to the brave Wallace, our champion and martyr, my ſoul *is up in arms* againſt the inſolence of the Engliſh, and I adore the memory of thoſe patriots who died in aſſerting the inde-

* See Shakeſpeare's *Hen.* IV. *part.* 1.

pendence of our crown, and the liberty of our nation.

ARGYLE.

Had I lived in thoſe days, I ſhould have joined with thoſe patriots, and been the foremoſt to maintain ſo noble a cauſe. The Scotch were not made to be ſubject to England: their ſouls were too great, their ſpirit was too high, for ſuch a dependence. But they may *unite* and *incorporate* with a nation they would not *obey*. Their generous ſcorn of a foreign yoke, their ſtrong love of independence and freedom, made their union with England more natural and more proper. Had the ſpirit of the Scotch been ſervile or baſe, it could not have coalited with that of the Engliſh.

DOUGLAS.

It is true, that the minds of both nations are formed in much the ſame mold. They are congenial, and filled with the ſame noble virtues, the ſame impatience of ſervitude, the ſame magnanimity, courage, and prudence, the ſame genius for policy, ſciences, arts: yet, notwithſtanding this happy conformity, when I conſider how long they were enemies to each other; what an hereditary hatred and jealouſy

had ſubſiſted for ages between them; what private paſſions, what prejudices, what intereſts, muſt have obſtructed every ſtep of the treaty; and how hard it was to overcome the ſtrong oppoſition of national pride; I ſtand aſtoniſhed that it was poſſible to unite the two kingdoms upon any conditions: and, more eſpecially, that it could be done with ſuch equal regard and fairneſs to both!

ARGYLE.

It was indeed a moſt arduous, difficult work! and the ſucceſs of it muſt, I think, be aſcribed not only to the great firmneſs and prudence of thoſe who had the management of it, but to the gracious aſſiſtance of Providence, for the preſervation of *the reformed Religion* amongſt us, which, if the Union had not been made, would have been ruined in Scotland, and much endangered in England. The ſame good Providence has watched over and protected it ſince, in a moſt ſignal manner, againſt the attempts of an infatuated party in Scotland, and the arts of France, who, by her emiſſaries, tried to deſtroy it as ſoon as formed; becauſe ſhe juſtly foreſaw that it would be deſtructive to all her deſigns*.

* See Hook's *Letters*, and Lockhart's *Memoirs*.

I myſelf had the honour to have a principal ſhare in ſubduing one rebellion deſigned to ſubvert it; and, ſince my death, it has been, I hope, eſtabliſhed for ever, not only by the defeat of another rebellion, which came upon us in the midſt of a great war with France, but by a wiſe and beneficent *ſyſtem of laws*, the object of which is to reform and to civilize the Highlands of Scotland; to deliver the people there from the arbitrary power and oppreſſion of their chieftans; to carry the royal juſtice and royal protection into the wildeſt parts of their mountains; to hinder their natural valour from being abuſed and perverted to the detriment of their country; and to introduce among them arts, agriculture, commerce, tranquillity, and all the improvements of civil and ſocial life.

DOUGLAS.

By what you now tell me you give me the higheſt idea of the great King your maſter; who, after being provoked by ſuch a rebellion, inſtead of enſlaving the people of the Highlands, or laying the hand of Power more heavy upon them, (which is the uſual conſequence of unſucceſsful revolts), has conferred on them the ineſti-

nable bleſſings of liberty, juſtice, and peace. To act thus is indeed to *perfect the Union*, and make all the inhabitants of Great Britain acknowledge, with gratitude and with joy, that they are ſubjects of *the ſame kingdom*, and governed with the ſame impartial affection, by *the Sovereign and the Father of the whole Commonwealth!*

ARGYLE.

The *laws* I have mentioned, and the humane, benevolent policy of his Majeſty's government, have already produced very happy effects *in that part of the kingdom*; and, if rightly purſued, will produce many more. But no words can recount to you the infinite benefits that have attended the Union in the northern counties of England, and ſouthern of Scotland.

DOUGLAS.

The fruits of it muſt be, doubtleſs, moſt ſenſible there, where the perpetual enmity between the two nations had cauſed the greateſt diſorder and deſolation.

ARGYLE.

Oh, *Douglas!*—if you could but revive and return again into Scotland, what a

delightful change would you ſee in that country! All thoſe great tracks of land, which in your time lay untilled, on account of the inroads of the bordering Engliſh, or the feuds and diſcords that raged within our own kingdom, you would now behold cultivated, and ſmiling with plenty. Inſtead of the caſtles, which every baron was forced to erect for the defence of his family, and where he lived in the *barbariſm of Gothic pride*, among wretched vaſſals oppreſſed by the abuſe of his feudal powers, your eyes would be charmed with fine country-houſes of the moſt elegant architecture, adorned with noble plantations and beautiful gardens; while happy villages, or gay towns, are riſing about them, and enlivening the proſpect with every image of rural wealth! On our coaſts trading cities, full of new manufactures, and every day increaſing their commerce! In our ports and harbours innumerable ſhips, which are guarded by invincible fleets! But of all improvements the greateſt is in the *minds* of the Scotch. *Theſe* have profited even more than their lands by the culture, which the ſettled peace and tranquillity produced by the Union have happily given to them; and they have diſcovered ſuch talents in all branches

of literature as might render the Engliſh jealous of being excelled by their genius, if there could remain a *competition*, when there remains no *diſtinction* between the two nations.

DOUGLAS.

There may be *emulation* without any *jealouſy*; and the efforts which that *emulation* will cauſe may render our iſland ſuperior in the fame of wit and good learning to Italy or to Greece; a ſuperiority which I have learned in the Elyſian Fields to prefer even to that acquired by arms. —But one doubt remains with me concerning the Union. I underſtand that no more than ſixteen of our Peers, except thoſe who have Engliſh peerages alſo, (which ſome of our greateſt nobles have not), now ſit in the Houſe of Lords as repreſentatives of the reſt. Does not this in ſome meaſure *diminiſh* thoſe Peers who are not elected? and may not the election of the *ſixteen* be too much influenced by, and dependent upon, the will of the Court?

ARGYLE.

It was impoſſible that the Engliſh could ever conſent in the Treaty of Union to admit a greater number to ſit in the Houſe

of Peers: but all the Scotch peerage is virtually there by *repreſentation*. And *thoſe* who are not elected have every dignity and right of the peerage, except the privilege of ſitting in the Houſe of Lords, and ſome others depending thereon *.

DOUGLAS.

They have ſo:—but when parliaments enjoy ſuch a ſhare in the government of a country as our's do now, to be *perſonally* there is a privilege and a dignity of the higheſt importance.

ARGYLE.

I wiſh it had been poſſible to impart it to all. But your reaſon will tell you that it was not.——And, conſider, my Lord, that, till the Revolution in ſixteen hundred and eighty-eight, the power of *the Lords of the Articles* had rendered our *parliaments* much more ſubject to the controul and influence of the Crown than our *elections* are now.—As, by the manner in which they were conſtituted, *thoſe Lords* were no leſs devoted to the king than his own privy council; and as no propoſition could then be preſented in parliament if rejected by

* See *the Act of Union*, Art. 23.

them, they gave him *a negative before debate* *. This indeed was aboliſhed upon the acceſſion of William the Third, *the firſt æra of our liberty*, with many other oppreſſive and deſpotical powers, which had rendered our nobles *ſlaves to the Crown*, while they were allowed to be *tyrants over the people*. But if King James or his family had been reſtored, the government he had exerciſed would have been re-eſtabliſhed; and nothing but the union of the two kingdoms could have prevented that reſtoration. We likewiſe owe to the Union the ſubſequent abolition of *the Scotch Privy Council* †, which had been the moſt grievous engine of tyranny in former times, and that ſalutary law, which declared that no crimes ſhould be high treaſon, or miſprifion of treaſon, in Scotland, but ſuch as were ſo in England, and gave us the Engliſh methods of trial in caſes of that nature; whereas before there were ſo many ſpecies of treaſons, the conſtruction of them was ſo uncertain, and the trials were ſo arbitrary, that no man could be

* See Robertſon's *Hiſtory of Scotland*, l. 1. p. 69. to 72.

† See Act for rendering the Union of the two kingdoms more entire and complete, anno ſexto Annæ Reginæ.

ſafe from ſuffering as a traitor. By the ſame act of parliament we alſo received a communication of that noble privilege of the Engliſh *exemption from torture* *; a privilege, which, though eſſential to natural juſtice, no other nation in Europe, not even *the freeſt*, can boaſt of poſſeſſing. Shall we then take offence at ſome inevitable circumſtances, which may perhaps be objected to in the Union, when it has freed us from ſlavery, and all the worſt evils a ſtate can endure? It might be eaſily ſhewn, that, in his political and civil capacity, every baron in Scotland is much happier now, and much more *independent*, than the higheſt was under the reign of King Charles the Second, or of his brother †.

DOUGLAS.

All I have heard of thoſe reigns makes me bluſh with indignation at the ſervility of our nobles, who could endure them ſo long, and ſo patiently, as they did. What then was become of that undaunted Scotch ſpirit, which had dared to reſiſt the *Plantagenets* in the height of their power

* See Act for improving the Union of the two kingdoms, anno ſeptimo Annæ Reginæ.

† See Robertſon's *Hiſtory of Scotland*, l. 8. and Hume's *Hiſtory of Charles* II. c. 7. and *James* II. c. 1.

and pride? Could the deſcendants of *thoſe* who had diſdained to be *ſubjects* of Edward the Firſt, ſubmit to be *ſlaves* of Charles the Second, or James?

ARGYLE.

They ſeemed in general to have loſt every characteriſtic of their natural temper, except a deſire to abuſe the royal authority for the gratification of their private reſentments in family quarrels.

DOUGLAS.

Your grandfather, my Lord, has the glory of not falling under this cenſure.

ARGYLE.

I am proud that his ſpirit, and the principles he profeſſed, drew upon him the injuſtice and rage of thoſe times. But there needs no other proof than *the nature and manner of his condemnation* * to ſhow the wretched ſtate our nobility then were in, and what an advantage it is to them that they now are to be tried *as Peers of Great Britain*, and have the benefit of thoſe laws which imparted to us the equity and the freedom of the Engliſh conſtitution †.

* See Hume's *Hiſtory of Charles* II. c. 7.

† See *the Act of Union*, Art. 23.

Upon the whole, as much as wealth is preferable to poverty, liberty to oppreſſion, and national ſtrength to national weakneſs, ſo much has Scotland gained by the Union. England, too, has ſecured by it every bleſſing which was before enjoyed by her, and has very greatly augmented her ſtrength. She now has no limits to guard but the ſea: the martial ſpirit of the Scotch, their hardy bodies, their acute and vigorous minds, their induſtry, their activity, are now employed to the benefit of the whole iſland. He is now a bad Scotchman who is not a good Engliſhman, and he is a bad Engliſhman who is not a good Scotchman. Mutual intercourſe, mutual intereſts, mutual benefits, muſt be productive of mutual affection. And when *that* is eſtabliſhed, many great things, which hitherto ſome remains of jealouſy and diſtruſt, or local partialities, may have obſtructed, will be done for the good of the whole united kingdom. How much may the revenues of Great Britain be increaſed by the increaſe of commerce in Scotland! What a mighty addition to the national wealth will ariſe from the improvement of our moſt northern counties, which are infinitely capable of being improved! The *briers* and *thorns* are in a great meaſure

already grubbed up; the *flowers* and *fruits* may quickly be planted. And what more pleaſing, or what more glorious, employment can any government have than to attend to the raiſing of *ſuch a plantation?*

DOUGLAS.

The proſpect you open to me of happineſs to my country appears ſo delightful, that it makes me amends for the pain with which I reflect on the times that I lived in, and indeed on our whole hiſtory for ſeveral ages.

ARGYLE.

That hiſtory does, in truth, preſent to the mind the moſt direful objects, aſſaſſinations, rebellions, anarchy, tyranny, and religion itſelf either cruel, or gloomy and enthuſiaſtic. An hiſtorian who paints it in its true colours muſt take the pencil of Guercino, or Salvator Roſa. But the moſt agreeable imagination can hardly deſcribe a more happy ſcene than the various bleſſings we may expect to derive from the Union, if all the prejudices againſt it, and all that may tend to keep up an idea of ſeparate intereſts, or local attachments, can be removed.

DOUGLAS.

If they can be removed! I think it impoſſible *they can be retained.* To reſiſt the Union is indeed to rebel againſt Nature.—Nature has joined the two countries, has fenced them both with the ſea againſt the invaſion of all other nations; but has laid them quite open the one to the other. Accurſed be he who tries to divide them. —*What* GOD *has joined, let no man put aſunder.*

DIALOGUE XXVI*.

CADMUS. HERCULES.

HERCULES.

DO you pretend to ſit as high on Olympus as *Hercules?* Did you kill the Nemean lion, the Erymanthian boar, the Lernean ſerpent, and Stymphalian birds? Did you deſtroy tyrants and robbers? You value yourſelf greatly on ſubduing one ſerpent; I did as much as that while I lay in my cradle.

CADMUS.

It is not on account of the ſerpent I boaſt myſelf a greater benefactor to Greece than you. Actions ſhould be valued by their utility rather than their *eclat*. I taught Greece the art of writing, to which laws owe their *preciſion* and *permanency*. You ſubdued monſters; I civilized men. It is from untamed paſſions, not from wild

* The Three following DIALOGUES are by another Hand.

beaſts, that the greateſt evils ariſe to human ſociety. By wiſdom, by art, by the united ſtrength of civil community, men have been enabled to ſubdue the whole race of lions, bears, and ſerpents, and what is more, to bind in laws and wholeſome regulations the ferocious violence and dangerous treachery of the human diſpoſition. Had lions been deſtroyed only in ſingle combat, men had had but a bad time of it; and what but laws could awe the men who killed the lions? The genuine glory, the proper diſtinction of the rational ſpecies, ariſes from the perfection of the mental powers. Courage is apt to be fierce, and ſtrength is often exerted in acts of oppreſſion: but Wiſdom is the aſſociate of Juſtice; it aſſiſts her to form equal laws, to purſue right meaſures, to correct power, protect weakneſs, and to unite individuals in a common intereſt and general welfare. Heros may kill tyrants; but it is wiſdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppreſſion. The operations of policy far ſurpaſs the labours of *Hercules*, preventing many evils which valour and might cannot even redreſs. You heros conſider nothing but glory, and hardly regard whether the conqueſts which raiſe your fame are really beneficial to your country. Unhappy are

the people who are governed by valour not directed by prudence, and not mitigated by the gentle arts!

HERCULES.

I do not expect to find an admirer of my ſtrenuous life in the man who taught his countrymen *to ſit ſtill and read*, and to loſe the hours of youth and action in idle ſpeculation and the ſport of words.

CADMUS.

An ambition to have a place in the regiſters of Fame is the Euryſtheus which impoſes heroic labours on mankind. The Muſes incite to action as well as entertain the hours of repoſe; and I think you ſhould honour them for preſenting to heros ſuch a noble recreation as may prevent their taking up *the diſtaff* when they laid down *the club*.

HERCULES.

Wits as well as heros can take up the diſtaff. What think you of their thin-ſpun ſyſtems of philoſophy, or laſcivious poems, or Mileſian fables? Nay, what is ſtill worſe, are there not panegyrics on tyrants, and books that blaſpheme the gods, and perplex the natural ſenſe of right and

wrong? I believe if Euryſtheus was to ſet me to work again, he would find me a worſe taſk than any he impoſed; he would make me *read through a great library;* and I would ſerve it as I did the Hydra, *I would burn as I went on*, that one chimera might not riſe from another to plague mankind. I ſhould have valued myſelf more on clearing the library than on cleanſing the Augean ſtables.

CADMUS.

It is in thoſe libraries only that the memory of your labours exiſts. The heros of Marathon, the patriots of Thermopylæ, owe their immortality to me. All the wiſe inſtitutions of lawgivers, and all the doctrines of ſages, had periſhed in the ear, like a dream related, if letters had not preſerved them. Oh, *Hercules!* it is not for the man who preferred virtue to pleaſure to be an enemy to the Muſes. Let Sardanapalus, and the ſilken ſons of Luxury, who have waſted life in inglorious eaſe, deſpiſe the records of action, which bear no honourable teſtimony to their lives. But true merit, heroic virtue, each genuine offspring of immortal Jove, ſhould honour the ſacred ſource of laſting fame.

HERCULES.

Indeed, if writers employed themſelves only in recording *the acts of great men*, much might be ſaid in their favour. But why do they trouble people with their meditations? Can it ſignify to the world what an idle man has been thinking?

CADMUS.

Yes it may. The moſt important and extenſive advantages mankind enjoy are greatly owing to men who have never quitted their cloſets. To them mankind is obliged for the facility and ſecurity of navigation. The invention of the compaſs has opened to them new worlds. The knowledge of the mechanical powers has enabled them to conſtruct ſuch wonderful machines as perform what the united labour of millions by the ſevereſt drudgery could not accompliſh. Agriculture too, the moſt uſeful of arts, has received its ſhare of improvement from the ſame ſource. Poetry likewiſe is of excellent uſe to enable the memory to retain with more eaſe, and to imprint with more energy upon the heart, precepts of virtue and virtuous actions. Since we left the world, from the little root of a few letters Science has ſpread

its branches over all Nature, and raiſed its head to the heavens. Some philoſophers have entered ſo far into the councils of Divine wiſdom as to explain much of the great operations of Nature. The dimenſions, diſtances, and cauſes of the revolutions, of the planets, the path of comets, and the nature of eclipſes, are underſtood and explained. Can any thing raiſe the glory of the human ſpecies more than to ſee a little creature, inhabiting a ſmall ſpot, amidſt innumerable worlds, taking a ſurvey of the univerſe, comprehending its arrangement, and entering into the ſcheme of that wonderful connexion and correſpondence of things ſo remote, and which it ſeems the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence to have eſtabliſhed? What a volume of wiſdom, what a noble theology, do theſe diſcoveries open to us! While ſome ſuperior geniuſes have ſoared to theſe ſublime ſubjects, other ſagacious and diligent minds have been enquiring into the moſt minute works of the infinite Artificer; the ſame care, the ſame providence, is exerted through the whole; and we ſhould learn from it, that to true wiſdom, utility and fitneſs appear perfection, and whatever is beneficial is noble.

HERCULES.

I approve of ſcience as far as it is aſſiſtant to action. I like the improvement of navigation, and the diſcovery of the greater part of the globe, becauſe it opens a wider field for the maſter ſpirits of the world to buſtle in.

CADMUS.

There ſpoke the ſoul of *Hercules*. But if learned men are to be eſteemed for the aſſiſtance they give to active minds in their ſchemes, they are not leſs to be valued for their endeavours to give them a right direction, and moderate their too great ardour. The ſtudy of hiſtory will teach the warrior and the legiſlator by what means armies have been victorious, and ſtates have become powerful; and in the private citizen they will inculcate the love of liberty and order. The writings of ſages point out a private path of virtue, and ſhew that the beſt empire is ſelf-government, and ſubduing our paſſions the nobleſt of conqueſts.

HERCULES.

The true ſpirit of heroiſm acts by a ſort of inſpiration, and wants neither the experience of hiſtory, nor the doctrines of phi-

loſophers, to direct it. But do not arts and ſciences render men effeminate, luxurious, and inactive? and can you deny that wit and learning are often made ſubſervient to very bad purpoſes?

CADMUS.

I will own that there are ſome natures ſo happily formed they hardly want the aſſiſtance of a maſter, and the rules of art, to give them force or grace in every thing they do But theſe Heaven-inſpired geniuſes are few. As learning flouriſhes only where eaſe, plenty, and mild government ſubſiſt, in ſo rich a ſoil, and under ſo ſoft a climate, the weeds of luxury will ſpring up among the flowers of art; but the ſpontaneous weeds would grow more rank if they were allowed the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of the field. Letters keep a frugal temperate nation from growing ferocious, a rich one from becoming entirely ſenſual and debauched. Every gift of the gods is ſometimes abuſed; but wit and fine talents, by a natural law, gravitate towards virtue; accidents may drive them out of their proper direction, but ſuch accidents are a ſort of prodigies, and, like other prodigies, it is an alarming omen, and of dire portent to the times. For if Virtue cannot keep

to her allegiance thoſe men who in their hearts confeſs her divine right, and know the value of her laws, on whoſe fidelity and obedience can ſhe depend? May ſuch geniuſes never deſcend to flatter vice, encourage folly, or propagate irreligion, but exert all their powers in the ſervice of Virtue, and celebrate the noble choice of thoſe who, like you, preferred her to pleaſure.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

MERCURY; *And a modern fine* LADY.

Mrs MODISH.

INDEED, Mr *Mercury*, I cannot have the pleaſure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, abſolutely engaged.

MERCURY.

I know you have an amiable affectionate huſband, and ſeveral fine children; but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuſe a perſon who has received a ſummons to the realm of Death. If the grim meſſenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a paſſenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Engliſhman) once in a century. You muſt be content to leave your huſband and family, and paſs the Styx.

Mrs MODISH.

I did not mean to inſiſt on any engage-

ment *with my huſband and children*; I never thought myſelf engaged to *them*. I had no engagements but ſuch as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will ſee I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tueſdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card-aſſemblies the reſt of the week, for two months to come; and it would be *the rudeſt thing in the world* not to keep my appointments. If you will ſtay for me till the ſummer-ſeaſon, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elyſian Fields may be leſs deteſtable than the *country* in our world. Pray have you a fine *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh*? I think I ſhould not diſlike drinking *the Lethe waters* when you have a full ſeaſon.

MERCURY.

Surely you could not like to drink the waters of Oblivion, who have made pleaſure the buſineſs, end, and aim, of your life! It is good to drown cares; but who would waſh away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleaſure?

Mrs MODISH.

Diverſion was indeed the buſineſs of my life, but as to pleaſure I have enjoyed none

ſince the novelty of my amuſements was gone off. Can one be pleaſed with ſeeing the ſame thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, ſpoiled the natural cheerfulneſs of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

MERCURY.

If this way of life did not give you pleaſure, why did you continue in it? I ſuppoſe you did not think it was very *meritorious?*

Mrs MODISH.

I was too much engaged to think at all: ſo far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diverſions were neceſſary, and my doctor aſſured me diſſipation was good for my ſpirits. My huſband inſiſted that it was not; and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's huſband; and, beſides, I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton* *.

MERCURY.

Bon ton! what is that, Madam? Pray define it.

* *Du bon ton* is a cant phraſe in the modern French language for the faſhionable air of converſation and manners.

Mrs MODISH.

Oh, Sir, excuſe me; it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of Jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is: but I will try to tell you what it is not. In converſation it is not wit; in manners it is not politeneſs; in behaviour it is not addreſs; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain perſons, who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courteſy, it gets an higher rank than the perſon can claim, but which thoſe who have a legal title to precedency dare not diſpute, for fear of being thought not to underſtand the rules of politeneſs. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

MERCURY.

Then, Madam, you have waſted your time, faded your beauty, and deſtroyed your health, for the laudable purpoſes of contradicting your huſband, and being this ſomething and this nothing called the *bon ton*.

Mrs MODISH.

What would you have had me do?

MERCURY.

I will follow your mode of inſtructing. I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you ſacrifice your time, your reaſon, and your duties, to faſhion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your huſband's happineſs, and your children's education.

Mrs MODISH.

As to my daughters' education I ſpared no expence: they had a dancing-maſter, muſic-maſter, and drawing-maſter; and a French governeſs to teach them behaviour and the French language.

MERCURY.

So their religion, ſentiments, and manners, were to be learned from a dancing-maſter, muſic-maſter, and a chamber-maid! Perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters muſt have been ſo educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am ſorry for the ſort of life they are commencing, and for

that which you have juſt concluded. Minos is a ſour old gentleman, without the leaſt ſmattering of the *bon ton*, and I am in a fright for you. The beſt thing I can adviſe you is, to do in this world as you did in the other; keep happineſs in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this ſide Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elyſian Fields, but never attempt to enter into them, leſt Minos ſhould puſh you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a ſentence not much leſs ſevere than crimes committed.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

PLUTARCH.
CHARON.
And a modern BOOKSELLER.

CHARON.

HERE is a fellow who is very unwilling to land in our territories. He ſays he is rich, has a great deal of buſineſs in the other world, and muſt needs return to it. He is ſo troubleſome and obſtreperous I know not what to do with him. Take him under your care therefore, good *Plutarch;* you will eaſily awe him into order and decency by the ſuperiority an author has over a bookſeller.

BOOKSELLER.

Am I got into a world ſo abſolutely the reverſe of that I left, that here *authors* domineer over *bookſellers?* Dear *Charon*, let me go back, and I will pay any price for my paſſage. But, if I muſt ſtay, leave me not with any of thoſe who are ſtyled *Claſſical Authors*. As to you, *Plutarch*, I have

a particular animoſity againſt you for having almoſt occaſioned my ruin. When I firſt ſet up ſhop, underſtanding but little of buſineſs, I unadviſedly bought an edition of *your Lives*; a pack of old Greeks and Romans, which coſt me a great ſum of money. I could never get off above twenty ſets of them. I ſold a few to the Univerſities, and ſome to Eaton and Weſtminſter; for it is reckoned a pretty book for boys and under-graduates; but unleſs a man has the luck to light on a pedant, he ſhall not ſell a ſet of them in twenty years.

PLUTARCH.

From the merit of the ſubjects I had hoped another reception for my Works. I will own indeed that I am not always perfectly accurate in every circumſtance, nor do I give ſo exact and circumſtantial a detail of the actions of my heros as may be expected from a biographer who has confined himſelf to one or two characters. A zeal to preſerve the memory of great men, and to extend the influence of ſuch noble examples, made me undertake more than I could accompliſh in the firſt degree of perfection: but ſurely the characters of my Illuſtrious Men are not ſo imperfectly

ſketched that they will not ſtand forth to all ages as patterns of virtue, and incitements to glory. My reflections are allowed to be deep and ſagacious; and what can be more uſeful to a reader than a wiſe man's judgment on a great man's conduct? In my Writings you will find no raſh cenſures, no undeſerved encomiums, no mean compliance with popular opinions, no vain oſtentation of critical ſkill, nor any affected *fineſſe*. In my Parallels, which uſed to be admired as pieces of excellent judgment, I compare, with perfect impartiality, one great man with another, and each with the rule of juſtice. If, indeed, later ages have produced greater men and better writers, my heros and my works ought to give place to them. As the world has now the aſſiſtance of much better rules of morality than the unaſſiſted reaſon of poor Pagans could form, I do not wonder that thoſe vices, which appeared to us as mere blemiſhes in great characters, ſhould ſeem moſt horrid deformities in the purer eyes of the preſent age. A delicacy I do not blame, but admire and commend. And I muſt cenſure you for endeavouring, if you could publiſh better examples, to obtrude on your countrymen ſuch as were defective. I rejoice at the preference

which they gave to perfect and unalloyed virtue; and as I ſhall ever retain an high veneration for the illuſtrious men of every age, I ſhould be glad you would give me ſome account of thoſe perſons who, in wiſdom, juſtice, valour, patriotiſm, have eclipſed my Solon, Numa, Camillus, *&c.*

BOOKSELLER.

Why, Maſter *Plutarch*, you are talking Greek indeed. That work which repaired the loſs I ſuſtained by the coſtly edition of your books was, *the Lives of the Highwaymen:* but I ſhould never have grown rich if it had not been by publiſhing *the Lives of men that never lived.* You muſt know, that though in all times it was poſſible to have a great deal of learning and very little wiſdom, yet it is only by a modern improvement in the art of writing that a man may read all his life and have no learning or knowledge at all, which begins to be an advantage of the greateſt importance. There is as natural a war between your men of ſcience and fools as between the cranes and the pigmies of old. Moſt of our young men having deſerted to the fools, the party of the learned is near being beaten out of the field; and I hope in a little while they will not dare to peep out of their forts and faſtneſſes

at Oxford and Cambridge. There let them ſtay and ſtudy old muſty moraliſts, till one falls in love with the Greek, another with the Roman virtue; but our men of the world ſhould read our new books, which teach them to have no virtue at all. No book is fit for a gentleman's reading which is not void of facts and of doctrines, that he may not grow a pedant in his morals or converſation. I look upon hiſtory (I mean *real* hiſtory) to be one of the worſt kinds of ſtudy. Whatever has happened may happen again; and a well-bred man may unwarily mention a parallel inſtance he had met with in hiſtory, and be betrayed into the aukwardneſs of introducing into his diſcourſe a Greek, Roman, or even a Gothic name. But when a gentleman has ſpent his time in reading adventures that never occurred, exploits that never were atchieved, and events that not only never did but never can happen, it is impoſſible that in life or in diſcourſe he ſhould ever apply them. A *ſecret hiſtory*, in which there is *no ſecret* and *no hiſtory*, cannot tempt Indiſcretion to blab, or Vanity to quote; and, by this means, modern converſation flows gentle and eaſy, unincumbered with matter, and unburthened of inſtruction. As the preſent ſtudies throw no

weight or gravity into diſcourſe and manners, the women are not afraid to read our books, which not only diſpoſe to gallantry and coquetry, but give rules for them. Cæſar's *Commentaries*, and the account of Xenophon's *Expedition*, are not more ſtudied by military commanders, than our novels are by the fair; to a different purpoſe indeed; for their military maxims teach to conquer, our's to yield; thoſe inflame the vain and idle love of glory, theſe inculcate a noble contempt of reputation. The women have greater obligations to our writers than the men. By the commerce of the world men might learn much of what they get from books; but the poor women, who in their early youth are confined and reſtrained, if it were not for the friendly aſſiſtance of books, would remain long in *an inſipid purity of mind*, with a *diſcouraging reſerve of behaviour*.

PLUTARCH.

As to your men who have quitted the ſtudy of virtue for the ſtudy of vice, uſeful truth for abſurd fancy, and real hiſtory for monſtrous fiction, I have neither regard nor compaſſion for them: but I am concerned for the women who are betrayed into theſe dangerous ſtudies; and I wiſh

for their ſakes I had expatiated more on the character of Lucretia, and ſome other heroines.

BOOKSELLER.

I tell you, our women do not read in order to live or to die like Lucretia If you would inform us, that a *billet-doux* was found in her cabinet after her death, or give an hint as if Tarquin really ſaw her in the arms of a ſlave, and that ſhe killed herſelf to prevent a diſcovery, ſuch *anecdotes* would ſell *very* well. Or if even by tradition, but better ſtill if *by papers in the Portian family*, you could ſhow ſome probability that Portia died of *dram-drinking*, you would oblige the world very much; for you muſt know, that next to new-invented characters, we are fond of new lights upon ancient characters; I mean ſuch lights as ſhew a reputed honeſt man to have been a concealed knave; an illuſtrious hero a pitiful coward, *&c.* Nay, we are ſo fond of theſe kinds of information, as to be pleaſed ſometimes to ſee a character cleared from a vice or crime it has been charged with, provided the perſon concerned be actually dead. But in this caſe the evidence muſt be authentic, and amount to a demonſtration; in the other a detection is

not neceſſary; a ſlight ſuſpicion will do, if it concerns a really good and great character.

PLUTARCH.

I am the more ſurpriſed at what you ſay of the taſte of your contemporaries, as I met with a Frenchman who aſſured me, that leſs than a century ago he had written a much-admired life of Cyrus, under the name of Artamenes, in which he aſcribed to him far greater actions than thoſe recorded of him by Xenophon and Herodotus; and that many of the great heros of hiſtory had been treated in the ſame manner; that empires were gained, and battles decided, by the valour of a ſingle man. Imagination beſtowing what Nature has denied, and the ſyſtem of human affairs rendered impoſſible.

BOOKSELLER.

I aſſure you theſe books were very uſeful to authors and their booksellers; and for whoſe benefit beſides ſhould a man write? Theſe romances were very faſhionable, and had a great ſale: they fell in luckily with the humour of the age.

PLUTARCH.

Monſieur Scuderi tells me, they were written in the times of vigour and ſpirit, in the evening of the gallant days of chivalry, which, though then declining, had left in the hearts of men a warm glow of courage and heroiſm; and they were to be called to books as to battle by the ſound of the trumpet: he ſays too, that if writers had not accommodated themſelves to the prejudices of the age, and written of bloody battles, and deſperate encounters, their works would have been eſteemed too effeminate an amuſement for gentlemen. Hiſtories of chivalry, inſtead of enervating, tend to invigorate the mind, and endeavour to raiſe humanity above the condition which is naturally preſcribed to it; but as ſtrict juſtice, patriot motives, prudent counſels, and a diſpaſſionate choice of what upon the whole is fitteſt and beſt, do not direct theſe heros of romance, they cannot ſerve for inſtruction and example, like the great characters of true hiſtory. It has ever been my opinion, that only the clear and ſteady light of truth can guide men to virtue, and that the leſſon which is *impracticable* muſt be *unuſeful*. Whoever ſhall deſign to regulate his conduct

by theſe viſionary characters will be in the condition of ſuperſtitious people, who chuſe rather to act by intimations they receive in the dreams of the night, than by the ſober counſels of morning meditation. Yet, I confeſs, it has been the practice of many nations to incite men to *virtue* by relating the deeds of *fabulous heros*; but ſurely it is the cuſtom only of your's to incite them to *vice* by the hiſtory of *fabulous ſcoundrels*. Men of fine imagination have ſoared into the regions of Fancy to bring back Aſtrea; you go thither in ſearch of Pandora. Oh diſgrace to Letters! Oh ſhame to the Muſes!

BOOKSELLER.

You expreſs great indignation at our preſent race of writers; but, believe me, the fault lies chiefly on the ſide of the readers. As Monſieur Scuderi obſerved to you, Authors muſt comply with the manners and diſpoſition of thoſe who are to read them. There muſt be a certain ſympathy between the book and the reader to create a good liking. Would you preſent a modern fine gentleman, who negligently lolling in an eaſy chair, with *the labours of Hercules* for his recreation? or make him climb the Alps with Hannibal

when he is expiring with the fatigue of laſt night's ball? Our readers muſt be amuſed, flattered, ſoothed; ſuch adventures muſt be offered to them as they would like to have a ſhare in.

PLUTARCH.

It ſhould be the firſt object of writers to correct the vices and follies of the age. I will allow as much compliance with the mode of the times as will make truth and good morals agreeable. Your love of fictitious characters might be turned to good purpoſe, if thoſe preſented to the public were to be formed on the rules of religion and morality. It muſt be confeſſed, that hiſtory, being employed only about illuſtrious perſons, public events, and celebrated actions, does not ſupply us with ſuch inſtances of domeſtic merit as one could wiſh. Our heros are great in the field and the ſenate, and act well in great ſcenes on the theatre of the world: but the idea of a man, who in the ſilent retired path of life never deviates into vice, who conſiders no ſpectator but *the omniſcient Being*, and ſolicits no applauſe but *His* approbation, is the nobleſt model that can be exhibited to mankind, and would be of the moſt general uſe. Examples of domeſtic

virtue would be more particularly uſeful to women than thoſe of great heroines. The virtues of women are blaſted by the breath of public fame, as flowers that grow on an eminence are faded by the ſun and wind which expand them. But true female praiſe, like the muſic of the ſpheres, ariſes from a gentle, a conſtant, and an equal progreſs in the path marked out for them by their great Creator; and, like the heavenly harmony, it is not adapted to the groſs ear of mortals, but is reſerved for the delight of higher beings, by whoſe wiſe laws they were ordained to give a ſilent light, and ſhed a mild benignant influence on the world.

BOOKSELLER.

We have had ſome Engliſh and French writers who aimed at what you ſuggeſt In the ſuppoſed character *of Clariſſa* (ſaid a clergymen to me a few days before I left the world) one finds the dignity of heroiſm tempered by the meekneſs and humility of religion, a perfect purity of mind and ſanctity of manners; in that of *Sir Charles Grandiſon*, a noble pattern of every private virtue, with ſentiments ſo exalted as to render him equal to every public duty.

PLUTARCH.

Are both theſe characters by the ſame author?

BOOKSELLER.

Aye, Maſter *Plutarch*, and what will ſurpriſe you more, this author has *printed* for me.

PLUTARCH.

By what you ſay, *it is pity he ſhould print any works but his own.* Are there no other authors who write in this manner?

BOOKSELLER.

Yes, we have another writer of theſe imaginary hiſtories; one who has not long ſince deſcended to theſe regions; his name is *Fielding*, and his works, as I have heard the beſt judges ſay, have a true ſpirit of Comedy, and an exact repreſentation of Nature, with fine moral touches. He has not indeed given leſſons of pure and conſummate virtue, but he has expoſed vice and meanneſs with all the powers of ridicule; and we have ſome other good *wits* who have exerted their talents to the purpoſes you approve. Monſieur de Marivaux, and ſome other French writers, have alſo pro-

ceeded much upon the ſame plan, with a ſpirit and elegance which gave their works no mean rank among the *Belles Lettres*. I will own that, when there is wit and entertainment enough in a book to make it ſell, *it is not the worſe for good morals*.

CHARON.

I think, *Plutarch*, you have made this gentleman a little more humble; and now I will carry him the reſt of his journey. But he is too frivolous an animal to preſent to wiſe Minos. I wiſh Mercury were here; he would damn him for his dulneſs. I have a good mind to carry him to the Danaïdes, and leave him to pour water into their veſſels, which, like his late readers, are deſtined to *eternal emptineſs*. Or ſhall I chain him to the rock, ſide to ſide by Prometheus, not for having attempted to ſteal celeſtial fire, in order to animate human forms, but for having endeavoured to extinguiſh that which Jupiter had imparted? or ſhall we conſtitue him *friſeur* to Tiſiphone, and make him curl up her locks with his ſatires and libels?

PLUTARCH.

Minos does not eſteem any thing frivolous that affects the morals of mankind;

he puniſhes authors as guilty of every fault they have countenanced, and every crime they have encouraged; and denounces heavy vengeance for the injuries which virtue or the virtues have ſuffered in conſequence of their writings.

FINIS.